THE NIGHTINGALE.

BEING A CHOICE

COLLECTION

OF

The newest and most favourite LOVE SONGS, as well as of the

BACCHANALIAN,
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PATRIOTIC,
FREE-MASON,

ALBION,
MARINE,
CLUB,
and other Songs;

WITH

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That have been Sung at

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COMPOSED

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AND SET

By the most Celebrated MASTERS,

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W. N. J. HARDING

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THE LADIES and GENTLEMENS POCKET-COMPANION.

SONG I.

The BIRD.

Sung at Marybone Gardens.

THE bird that hears her neſtlings cry,
And flies abroad for food,
Returns impatient thro' the ſky,
To nurſe the callow brood:
The tender mother knows no joy,
But bodes a thouſand harms;
And ſickens for the darling boy,
When abſent from her arms.

Such fondneſs with impatience join'd,
My faithful boſom fires;
Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
The queen of my deſires:
The pow'rs of verſe too languid prove,
All ſimilies are vain,
To ſhew how ardently I love,
Or to relieve my pain.

The ſaint with fervent zeal inſpir'd,
For heav'n and joy divine;
The ſaint is not with rapture fir'd,
More pure, more warm than mine:
I take what liberty I dare,
'Twere impious to ſay more:
Convey my longings to the fair,
The goddeſs I adore.

SONG 2.

In LOVE in a VILLAGE.

OH! how ſhall I, in language weak,
My ardent paſſion tell,
Or form my fault'ring tongue to ſpeak
That cruel word, farewell!
Farewell—but know, tho' thus we part,
My thoughts can never ſtray:
Go where I will, my conſtant heart
Muſt with my charmer ſtay.

SONG 3.

In LOVE in a VILLAGE.

CUPID, God of ſoft perſuaſion,
Take the helpleſs lover's part:
Seize, oh ſeize, ſome kind occaſion
To reward a faithful heart.

Juſtly thoſe we tyrants call,
Who the body would enthrall:
Tyrants of more cruel kind,
Thoſe who would enſlave the mind.
Cupid, God of, &c.

What

What is grandeur? foe to reſt;
Childiſh mummery at beſt.
Happy I in humble ſtate!
Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.
Cupid, God of, &c.

SONG 4. Sung in LETHE

YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
Whom folly miſguides, and infirmities vex;
Whoſe lives hardly know what it is to be bleſt;
Who riſe without joy, and lie down without reſt;
Obey the glad ſummons to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the ſtream, and forget all your care;
Drink deep of the ſtream, and forget all your care.

Old maids ſhall forget what they wiſh for in vain,
And young ones the rover they cannot regain;
The rake ſhall forget how laſt night he was cloy'd,
And Chloe again be with paſſion enjoy'd:
Obey then the ſummons, to Lethe repair,
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care;
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants,
Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants;
The troubled in mind ſhall go chearful away,
And yeſterday's wretch be quite happy to day:
Obey then the ſummons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the ſtream, and forget all your care;
Drink deep of the ſtream, and forget all your care.

SONG 5. *In* ALFRED.

WE'VE fought, we have conquer'd, and England once more
Shall flouriſh in fame, as ſhe flouriſh'd before;

Our fears are all fled, with our enemies ſlain,
Cou'd they riſe up anew, we would ſlay them again;
Cou'd they riſe up anew, we would ſlay them again.

His monarch to ſerve, or to do himſelf right,
No Engliſhman ever yet flinch'd from the fight:
For why? neighbours all, we are free as the king,
'Tis that makes us brave, and 'tis that makes us ſing;
'Tis that makes us brave, and 'tis that makes us ſing.

Our prince too for this may be thankful to fate;
It is in our freedom he finds himſelf great:
No force can be wanting, nor meaner court arts;
He's maſter of all, who will reign in our hearts;
He's maſter of all, who will reign in our hearts.

Should rebels within, or ſhould foes from without,
Bring the crown on his head, or his honour in doubt;
We are ready—ſtill ready—and boldly foretell;
That conqueſt ſhall ever with liberty dwell;
That conqueſt ſhall ever with liberty dwell.

And now bring us forth, as the crown of our labour,
Much wine, and good cheer, with the pipe and the tabour:
Let our nymphs all be kind, and our ſhepherds be gay.
For England, Old England, is happy to-day;
For England, Old England, is happy to-day.

SONG 6. FRIENDSHIP.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
And friendſhip's a jewel we ſeldom can meet;
How ſtrange does it ſeem, that in ſearching around,
This ſource of content is ſo rare to be found?

O, friendſhip! thou balm, and rich ſweetner of life;
Kind parent of eaſe, and compoſer of ſtrife;

Without

Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,
But empty deluſion, the joys of an hour?

How much to be priz'd and eſteem'd is a friend,
On whom we may always with ſafety depend!
Our joys, when extended, will always increaſe,
And griefs when divided, are huſh'd into peace:

When fortune is ſmiling, what crouds will appear,
Their kindneſs to offer, and friendſhip ſincere;
Yet change but the proſpect, and point out diſtreſs,
No longer to court you they eagerly preſs.

SONG 7. *In* LOVE in a VILLAGE,

MY heart's my own, my will is free,
And ſo ſhall be my voice:
No mortal man ſhall wed with me,
Till firſt he's made my choice.
Let parents rule, cry nature's laws,
And children ſtill obey:
And is there then no ſaving clauſe
Againſt tyrannic ſway?

SONG 8. *In* LOVE in a VILLAGE.

YOUNG I am, and ſore afraid:
Wou'd you hurt a harmleſs maid?
Lead an innocent aſtray?
Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.
Men too often we believe;
And ſhou'd you my truth deceive,
Ruin firſt, and then forſake,
Sure my tender heart wou'd break.

SONG 9. HOPE: A PASTORAL.

MY banks are all furniſh'd with bees,
Whoſe murmur invites one to ſleep;
My grottoes are ſhaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with ſheep:
I ſeldom have met with a loſs,
Such health do my fountains beſtow;
My fountains all border'd with moſs,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear;
She'll ſay 'twas a barbarous deed,
For he ne'er could be true, ſhe averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young.
I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue;
Such tenderneſs, &c.

But where does my Phyllida ſtray,
And where are her grots, and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The ſwains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine;
But their love is not equal to mine.

SONG 10. The SPINNING-WHEEL.

Sung at Vaux-hall.

YOUNG Collin, fiſhing near the mill,
Saw Sally underneath the hill,
Whoſe heart love's tender pow'r cou'd feel,
Whoſe heart love's tender pow'r cou'd feel.
The mill was ſtopt, no miller there;
She ſmil'd to ſee the youth appear,
She ſmil'd to ſee the youth appear.
But turn'd about her ſpinning-wheel,
But turn'd about her ſpinning-wheel.

Thy cheeks, ſays he, like peaches bloom;
Thy breath is like the ſpring's perfume;
On thy ſweet lips my love I'll ſeal,
On thy ſweet, &c.
Yon ſtately ſwans, ſo white and ſleek,
Are like to Sally's breaſt and neck,
Are like, &c.
But ſtill ſhe turn'd her ſpinning-wheel,
But ſtill, &c.

Tho' fair-one, beauty's tranſient pow'r
Fades like the new-blown gaudy flow'r;
Not ſo where virtue loves to dwell,
Not ſo, &c.
For where ſweet modeſty appears,
We never ſee the vale of years,
We never, &c.
She ſmil'd and ſtopp'd her ſpinning-wheel,
She ſmil'd, &c.

The pomp of ſtate, the pride of wealth,
Says ſhe, I ſcorn for peace and health,

Where

Where honeſt labour earns her meal,
Where honeſt, &c.
Who tells the flatt'rer's common tale,
Can ne'r o'er my true heart prevail,
Can ne'er, &c.
And make me leave my ſpinning-wheel,
And make, &c.

The ſwain who loves the virtuous mind,
Alone can make young Sally kind;
For him I'll toil, I'll ſpin and reel,
For him I'll toil, I'll ſpin and reel.
It is the voice, ſays he, of love,
Come haſten to yon church above,
Come haſten to yon church above.
She bluſh'd and left her ſpinning-wheel,
She bluſh'd and left her ſpinning-wheel.

SONG II.

RECITATIVE.

THE whiſtling ploughman hails the bluſhing dawn,
The thruſh melodious drowns the ruſtic note,
Loud ſings the blackbird thro' reſounding groves,
And the lark ſoars to meet the riſing ſun.

AIR.

Away, to the copſe lead away;
And now, my boys, throw off the hounds;
I'll warrant he ſhews us ſome play:
See, yonder he ſkulks thro' the grounds.
Then ſpur your briſk courſers, and ſmoke 'em my bloods;
'Tis a delicate ſcent-lying morn:
What concert is equal to thoſe of the woods,
Betwixt echo, the hounds and the horn?

Each

Each earth ſee he tries at in vain,
In cover no ſafety can find;
So he breaks it, and ſcours amain,
And leaves us at diſtance behind.
O'er rocks, and oe'r rivers, and hedges we fly,
All hazard and danger we ſcorn;
Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die;
Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.
And now he ſcarce creeps thro' the dale,
All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue;
His ſpeed can no longer avail,
Nor his life can his cunning prolong.

From our ſtaunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that he fled,
See his bruſh falls bemir'd forlorn;
The farmers with pleaſure behold him lie dead,
And ſhout to the ſound of the horn.

SONG 12. *In* ARTAXERXES.

IN infancy our hopes and fears
Were to each other known;
And friendſhip, in our riper years,
Has twin'd our hearts in one:

O! clear him then from this offence;
Thy love, thy duty prove;
Reſtore him with that innocence
Which firſt inſpir'd my love.

SONG 13.

NO nymph that trips the verdant plains,
With Sally can compare;
She wins the hearts of all the ſwains,
And rivals all the fair:

The

The beams of Sol delight and chear,
While ſummer ſeaſons roll;
But Sally's ſmiles can all the year
Give pleaſure to the ſoul.

When from the eaſt the morning ray
Illumes the world below,
Her preſence bids the god of day
With emulation glow:
Freſh beauties deck the painted ground,
Birds ſweeter notes prepare;
The playful lambkins ſkip around,
And hail their ſiſter fair.

The lark but ſtrains his livid throat,
To bid the maid rejoice,
And mimicks, while he ſwells his note,
The ſweetneſs of her voice:
The fanning Zephyrs round her play,
While Flora ſhe'll perfume,
And ev'ry flow'ret ſeems to ſay,
I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,
From morn to eve their tale;
Her beauty and unſpotted fame
Make vocal every vale;
The ſtream meand'ring thro' the mead,
Her echo'd name conveys;
And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
Is tun'd to Sally's praiſe.

No more ſhall blithſome laſs and ſwain
To mirthful wake reſort,
Nor ev'ry May-morn on the plain
Advance in rural ſport:
No more ſhall guſh the purling rill,
Nor muſic wake the grove,

Nor

Nor flocks look ſnow-like on the hill,
When I forget to love.

SONG 14.

CYMON and IPHIGENIA. A Cantata.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR a thick grove, whoſe deep embow'ring ſhade
Seem'd moſt for love and contemplation made,
A cryſtal ſtream with gentle murmurs flows,
Whoſe flow'ry banks are form'd for ſoft repoſe:
Thither retir'd from Phœbus' ſultry ray,
And lull'd in ſleep, fair Iphigenia lay.
Cymon a clown, who never dreamt of love,
By chance was ſtumping to the neighb'ring grove;
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he ſought,
And whiſtled as he went, for want of thought:
But when he firſt beheld the ſleeping maid,
He gap'd—he ſtar'd—her lovely form ſurvey'd;
And while with artleſs voice he ſweetly ſung,
Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue.

AIR.

The ſtream that glides in murmurs by,
Whoſe glaſſy boſom ſhews the ſky,
Completes the rural ſcene,
Completes the rural ſcene;
But in thy boſom, charming maid,
All heav'n itſelf is ſure diſplay'd.
Too lovely Iphigene,
Too lovely Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

She wakes and ſtarts—poor Cymon trembling ſtands;
Down falls the ſtaff from his unnerved hands:
Bright excellence, ſaid he, diſpel all fear;
Where honour's preſent, ſure no danger's near.

Half-

Half-rais'd, with gentle accent, ſhe replies,
Oh, Cymon! if 'tis you, I need not riſe;
Thy honeſt heart no wrong can entertain;
Purſue thy way, and let me ſleep again.
The clown, tranſported, was not ſilent long,
But thus with extacy purſu'd his ſong:

AIR.

Thy jetty locks, that careleſs break,
In wanton ringlets, down thy neck;
Thy love-inſpiring mien,
Thy love-inſpiring mien;
Thy ſwelling boſom, ſkin of ſnow,
And taper ſhape, inchant me ſo,
I die for Iphigene,
I die for Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd, ſhe liſtens, nor can trace from whence
The former clod is thus inſpir'd with ſenſe:
She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and ſtrait,
And thinks he might improve his auk'ard gait;
Bids him be ſecret, and next day attend,
At the ſame hour, to meet his faithful friend.
Thus mighty love cou'd teach a clown to plead;
And nature's language ſureſt will ſucceed.

AIR.

Love's a pure, a ſacred fire,
Kindling gentle, chaſte deſire;
Love can rage itſelf controul,
And elevate, and elevate the human ſoul:
Depriv'd of that, our wretched ſtate
Had made our lives of too long date;
But bleſt with beauty and with love,
Bleſt with beauty, and with love,
We taſte what angels do above,
What angels do above.

SONG

SONG 15.

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn,
How ſweet is the ſound of the echoing horn!
When the antling ſtag is rouz'd with the ſound,
Erecting his ears, nimbly ſweeps o'er the ground,
And thinks he has left us behind on the plain:
But ſtill we purſue, and now come in view of the glorious game.

O ſee how again he rears up his head,
And winged with fear, he redoubles his ſpeed:
But, oh! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain that he flies,
That his eyes loſe the huntſman, his ears loſe the cries:
For now his ſtrength fails him, he heavily flies,
And he pants till with well ſcented hounds ſurrounded he dies.

SONG 16.

THE heavy hours are almoſt paſt,
That part my love and me:
My longing eyes may hope at laſt
Their only wiſh to ſee.
But how, my DELIA, will you meet
The man you've loſt ſo long?
Will love in all your pulſes beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in ev'ry look declare
Your heart is ſtill the ſame,
And heal each idly anxious care,
Our fears in abſence frame?
Thus, DELIA, thus I paint the ſcene,
When we ſhall ſhortly meet,

And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that ſoothes my mind
Shall falſe and groundleſs prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love;
All I of VENUS aſk is this,
No more to let us join,
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliſs,
To die and think thee mine.

SONG 17. The ATTIC FIRE.

WHEN all the Attic fire was fled,
And all the Roman virtue dead,
Poor freedom loſt her ſeat;
The Gothic mantle ſpread a night,
That dampt fair Virtue's fading light,
The Muſes loſt their mate.

Where ſhould they wander, what new ſhore
Has yet a laurel left in ſtore?
To this bleſt iſle they ſteer;
Soon the Parnaſſian choir was heard,
Soon Virtue's ſacred form appear'd,
And Freedom ſoon was here.

The lazy monk has left his cell,
Religion rings her hallow'd bell,
She calls thee now by me,
Hark! her ſweet voice all plaintive ſounds,
See, ſhe receives a thouſand wounds,
If ſhielded not by thee.

SONG 18. *In* LOVE in a VILLAGE.

THERE was a jolly miller once,
Liv'd on the river Dee;
He work'd, he ſung from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he:

And this the burden of his ſong
For ever us'd to be,
I care for nobody, no not I,
If no body cares for me.

SONG 19. *In* LOVE in a VILLAGE.

ZOONS! neighbour, ne'er bluſh for a trifle like this;
What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiſs?
The greateſt and graveſt (a truce with grimace)
Wou'd do the ſame thing, were they in the ſame place.
No age, no profeſſion, no ſtation is free;
To ſovereign beauty mankind bends the knee,
That power, reſiſtleſs, no ſtrength can oppoſe:
We all love a pretty girl under the roſe.

SONG 20. *In* ARTAXERXES.

LET not rage, thy boſom firing,
Pity's ſofter claim remove:
Spare a heart that's juſt expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each ungentle thought ſuſpending,
Judge of mine by thy ſoft breaſt;
Nor, with rancour never ending,
Heap freſh ſorrows on th'oppreſt.

Let not rage, thy boſom firing,
Pity's ſofter claim remove:
Spare a heart that's juſt expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has croſs'd,
Ne'er my wretched ſtate can mend;
I, alas, at once have loſt
Father, brother, lover, friend!

Let not rage, thy boſom firing,
Pity's ſofter claim remove:
Spare a heart that's juſt expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

SONG 21. MAY, the MOTHER of LOVE.

THE virgin, when ſoften'd by May,
Attends to the villager's vows,
The birds fondly bill on the ſpray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs.
On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above;
We ſhepherds, that dwell on the plain,
Hail May, as the mother of Love.

From the weſt, as it wantonly blows,
Fond Zephyr careſſes the vine;
The bee ſteals a kiſs from the roſe,
And willows and woodbines entwine:
The pinks by the rivulet's ſide,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downward, and kiſs the ſoft tide,
For May is the mother of Love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
He flutters in bridal array;

If

If the larks and the linnets now ſing,
Their muſic is taught them by May:
The ſtock-dove, recluſe with her mate,
Conceals her fond bliſs in the grove,
And murmuring ſeems to repeat,
That May is the mother of Love.

The goddeſs will viſit ye ſoon,
Ye virgins, be ſportive and gay;
Get your pipes, oh! ye ſhepherds, in tune,
For muſic muſt welcome the May:
Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
And all his keen anguiſh remove,
Let him tell her ſoft tales, and he'll find,
That May is the mother of Love.

SONG 22.

A Dawn of hope my ſoul revives,
And baniſhes deſpair;
If yet my deareſt Damon lives,
Make him, ye Gods, your care.

Diſpel theſe gloomy ſhades of night,
My tender grief remove;
Oh! ſend ſome chearing ray of light,
And guide me to my love:

Thus, in a ſecret friendly ſhade,
The penſive Cælia mourn'd,
While courteous Echo lent her aid,
And ſigh for ſigh return'd.

When, ſudden, Damon's well-known face
Each riſing fear diſarms,
He eager ſprings to her embrace,
She ſinks into his arms.

SONG 23.

HOW blithe was I each morn to ſee
My ſwain come o'er the hill!
He leap'd the brook, and flew to me;
I met him with good will:
I neither wanted ewe, nor lamb,
When his flocks near me lay;
He gather'd in my ſheep at night,
And chear'd me all the day.
Oh! the broom, the bonny broom,
Where loſt was my repoſe;
I wiſh I was with my dear ſwain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and reed ſo ſweet,
The birds ſtood liſt'ning by;
The fleecy flock ſtood ſtill and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody:
While thus we ſpent our time, by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the faireſt dame,
Tho' e'er ſo rich and gay.
Oh! the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;
Cou'd I but faithful be?
He ſtole my heart; cou'd I refuſe
Whate'er he aſk"d of me?
Hard fate! that I muſt baniſh'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Becauſe I lov'd the kindeſt ſwain
That ever yet was born.
Oh! the broom, the bonny broom,
Where loſt was my repoſe;
I wiſh I was with my dear ſwain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

SONG. 24.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Suſan came on board.
Oh! where ſhall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial ſailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet William ſails among your crew?

William who high, upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows too and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd and caſt his eyes below;
The cord flies ſwiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as light'ning on the deck he ſtands.

So the ſweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt,
If chance his mate's ſhrill voice he hear,
And drops at once into her neſt.
The nobleſt captain in the Britiſh fleet
Might envy William's lips thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

O Suſan! Suſan! lovely dear!
My vows ſhall ever true remain;
Let me wipe off that falling tear:
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye liſt, ye winds, my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind;
They'll tell thee ſailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a miſtreſs find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent whereſoe'er I go.

If

If to fair India's coaſt we ſail,
Thine eyes are ſeen in di'monds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's ſpicy gale;
Thy ſkin is ivory, ſo white:
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view:
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Suſan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet ſafe from harms
William ſhall to his dear return:
Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from Suſan's eye.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread;
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay on board;
They kiſs'd, ſhe ſigh'd he hung his head:
Her leſs'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
Adieu! ſhe cry'd, and wav'd her lily hand.

SONG 25. The DUST-CART.

AS tink'ring Tom thro' ſtreets his trade did cry,
He ſaw his lovely Sylvia paſſing by;
In duſt-cart high advanc'd, the nymph was plac'd,
With the rich cinders round her lovely waiſt:
Tom with uplifted hands th' occaſion bleſt.
And thus, in ſoothing ſtrains, the maid addreſt.

AIR.

O Sylvia, while you drive your carts,
To pick up duſt, you ſteal our hearts,
You take up duſt, and ſteal our hearts:
That mine is gone, alas! is true,
And dwells among the duſt with you,
And dwells among the duſt with you:

Ah!

Ah! lovely Sylvia, eaſe my pain:
Give me my heart, you ſtole, again;
Give me my heart, out of your cart;
Give me my heart, you ſtole, again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, advanc'd aove the rabble rout,
Exulting roll'd her ſparkling eyes about;
She heav'd her ſwelling breaſt, as black as ſloe,
And look'd diſdain on little folks below:
To Tom ſhe nodded, as the cart drew on,
And then, reſolv'd to ſpeak, ſhe cry'd, ſtop, John.

AIR.

Shall I, who ride above the reſt,
Be by a paltry croud oppreſt?
Ambition now my ſoul does fire;
The youths ſhall languiſh and admire.
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride in my duſt-cart,
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride in my duſt-cart.

SONG 26. The UNION of LOVE and WINE.

WITH women and wine I defy ev'ry care,
For life without theſe is a bubble of air;
For life without theſe, &c.
Each helping the other, in pleaſure I roll,
And a new flow of ſpirits enlivens my ſoul;
Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave ſober mortals my maxims condemn,
I never ſhall alter my conduct for them;
I care not how much they my meaſures decline,
Let 'em have their own humour, and I will have mine.

Wine

Wine prudently us'd will our ſenſes improve,
'Tis the ſpring-tide of life, and the fuel of love;
And Venus ne'er look'd with a ſmile ſo divine,
As when Mars bound his head with a branch from the vine.

Then come, my deer charmer, thou nymph half-divine,
Firſt pledge me with kiſſes, next pledge me with wine;
Then giviug and taking, in mutual return,
The torch of our loves ſhall eternally burn.

But ſhould'ſt thou my paſſion for wine diſapprove,
My bumper I'll quit to be bleſt with thy love;
For rather than forfeit the joys of my laſs,
My bottle I'll break, and demoliſh my glaſs.

SONG 27. Sung in the CHAPLET.

PUSH about the briſk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,
While thus we ſit down on the graſs:
The lover who talks of his ſuff'rings and ſmart,
Deſerves to be reckon'd an aſs, an aſs,
Deſerves to be reckon'd an aſs.

The wretch, who ſits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
And wiſhes to add to the maſs,
Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himſelf,
Deſerves to be reckon'd an aſs,
Deſerves, &c.

The beau, who, ſo ſmart, with his well-powder'd hair,
An angel beholds in his glaſs,
And thinks with grimace to ſubdue all the fair,
Deſerves to be reckon'd an aſs.
Deſerves, &c.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
Of Cræſus the wealth to ſurpaſs;
And oft while he's wand'ring, my lady at home
Claps the horns of an ox on the aſs,
Claps the horns, &c.
The lawyer ſo grave, when he puts in his plea,
With forehead well fronted with braſs,
Tho' he talks to no purpoſe, he pockets your fee;
There you, my good friend, are the aſs,
There you, &c.

The formal phyſician, who knows ev'ry ill,
Shall laſt be produc'd in this claſs;
The ſick man a while may confide in his ſkill,
But death proves the doctor an aſs,
But death, &c.

Then let us companions, be jovial and gay,
By turns take our bottle and laſs;
For he who his pleaſure puts off for a day,
Deſerves to be reckon'd an aſs, an aſs,
Deſerves to be reckon'd an aſs.

SONG 28.

By David Garrick, Eſq.

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,
Let Damon urge his claim,
He feels the paſſion void of art,
The pure, the conſtant flame.

Tho' ſighing ſwains their torments tell,
Their ſenſual love contemn;
They only prize the beauteous ſhell,
But ſlight the inward gem.

Poſſeſſion cures the wounded heart,
Deſtroys the tranſient fire;

But when the mind receives the dart,
Enjoyment whets deſire.

By age your beauty will decay,
Your mind improves with years;
As when the bloſſoms fade away,
The rip'ning fruit appears.

May heav'n and Sylvia grant my ſuit,
And bleſs the future hour,
That Damon who can taſte the fruit,
May gather ev'ry flow'r!

SONG 29. By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering ſhall I make
Expreſſive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair-one prize
The gift, who ſlights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give——and let 'em:
If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
I'll give 'em——when I get 'em.

I'll give——but not the full-blown roſe,
Or roſe-bud more in faſhion;
Such ſhort-liv'd offerings but diſcloſe
A tranſitory paſſion:

I'll give thee ſomething yet unpaid,
Not leſs ſincere, than civil:
I'll give thee——Ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee——to the devil.

SONG

SONG 30. *Sung at* Ranelagh.

I Search'd the fields of ev'ry kind,
The faireſt flow'rs I choſe,
And ſent them in a wreath to bind
My Roſalinda's brows,
My Roſalinda's brows.

Here Hyacinthus, ting'd with blood,
In purple beauty glows;
There, burſting from the ſwelling bud,
Appears the bluſhing roſe,
Appears the bluſhing roſe,

Here violets of purple hue,
Chaſte lilies white as ſnow,
Narciſſuſes that drink the dew,
And near the fountain blow,
And near the fountain blow.

To boaſt thy Charms when crown'd with thoſe,
Ceaſe, ceaſe, O beauteous Maid!
Thy face, that blooms ſo like the roſe,
Like that, alas! will fade,
Like that, alas! will fade.

*** Every verſe to be repeated.

SONG 31.

A view of Bartholomew Fair in London.

By G. A. Stevens.

WHILE gentlefolks ſtrut in their ſilver and ſattins,
We poor folks are tramping in ſtraw hats and pattens;

Yet as merrily old Engliſh ballads can ſing o,
As they at their operores outlandiſh ling o;
Calling out bravo, ankcoro, and caro,
Tho'f I will ſing nothing but Bartlemew fair o.

Here was, firſt of all, crowds againſt other crowds driving,
Like wind and tide meeting, each contrary ſtriving;
Shrill fiddling, ſharp fighting, and ſhouting and ſhrieking,
Fiſes, trumpets, drums, bagpipes, and barrow-girls ſqueaking,
Come my rare round and ſound, here's choice of fine ware o,
Though all was not ſound ſold at Bartlemew fair o.

There was drolls, hornpipe dancing, and ſhowing of poſtures,
With frying black puddings, and op'nings of oyſters;
With ſalt-boxes ſolos, and gallery folks ſquawling;
The tap-houſe gueſts roaring, and mouth-pieces bawling.
Pimps, pawnbrokers, ſtrollers, fat landladies, ſailors,
Bawds, bailiffs, jilts, jockies, thieves, tumblers, and taylors.

Here's Punch's whole play of the gun-powder plot, Sir,
With beaſts all alive, and peaſe-porridge all hot, Sir;
Fine ſauſages fry'd, and the Black on the wire;
The whole court of France, and nice pig at the fire.
Here's the up-and downs, who'll take a ſeat in the chair o?
Tho' there's more up-and-downs than at Bartlemew fair o.

Here's Whittington's cat, and the tall dromedary,
The chaiſe without horſes, and queen of Hungary;

Here's

Here's the merry-go rounds, come who rides, come who rides, Sir?
Wine, beer, ale, and cakes, fine eating beſides, Sir,
The fam'd learned dog that can tell all his letters,
And ſome men, as ſcholars, are not much his betters.

This world's a wide fair, where we ramble 'mong gay things;
Our parſons like children are tempted by play-things;
By ſound and by ſhow, by traſh and by trumpery,
The fal-lals of faſhion, and Frenchify'd frumpery.
What is life but a droll, rather wretched than rare o?
And thus ends the ballad of Bartlemew fair o.

SONG 32. Set by Dr. ARNE.

SAYS Damon to Phillis, Suppoſe my fond Eyes
Reveal with what ardour I glow,
Reveal with what ardour I glow:
Well, what if they do? there's no harm ſure, ſhe cries;
I can but deny you, you know, you know;
I can but deny you, you know.

Suppoſe I ſhould aſk of thoſe Lips a ſweet kiſs,
Say, would you the favour beſtow?
Say, would you the favour beſtow?
Lord bleſs me! ſaid ſhe, what a queſtion is this!
I can but deny you, you know, you know;
I can but deny you, you know.

Suppoſe, not contented, I ſtill aſk for more,
For pleaſure from pleaſure will grow,
For pleaſure from pleaſure will grow;
Suppoſe what you will, ſhe reply'd as before,
I can but deny you, you know, you know;
I can but deny you, you know.

Come then, my dear Love, to the Wood lets repair,
Cry'd Damon, and offer'd to go;
Cry'd Damon, and offer'd to go:
No, no, with a bluſh, anſwer'd Phillis, for there
I could not deny you, you know, you know;
I could not deny you, you know.

SONG 33.

Set by Dr. ARNE. *Sung at* Ranelagh.

FANNY, fairer than a flow'r,
But uncertain as the wind,
Ever trifling with her pow'r,
Meant alone to bleſs mankind;
Now with ſmiles her face adorning,
She to love my heart invites,
She to love my heart invites;
But if Love I offer, ſcorning,
She with frowns my paſſion ſlights,
She with frowns my paſſion ſlights.

Oh! thou god of pleaſing anguiſh,
If indeed a god you be,
Teach the tyrant how to languiſh,
Make her heart and eyes agree:
But if wilful ſhe refuſes
To obey the pow'rs divine,
To obey the pow'rs divine;
Make the man whom firſt ſhe chuſes,
Treat her heart as ſhe does mine,
Treat her heart as ſhe does mine.

SONG 34. Set by Dr. ARNE.

PHO! pox of this nonſenſe, I prithee give o'er,
And talk of young Phillis and Chloe no more;
Their face, and their air, and their mien, what a rout!
Here's to thee, my lad, puſh the bottle about,
Here's to thee, my lad, puſh the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape;
They dare not confide in the juice of the grape:
But we, honeſt fellows—'ſdeath! who'd ever think
Of puling for love, while he's able to drink?
Of puling, &c.

'Tis wine, only wine that true pleaſure beſtows;
Our joys it increaſes, and lightens our woes;
Remember what topers of old us'd to ſing,
The man that is drunk is as great as a king,
The man, &c.

If Cupid aſſaults you, there's law for his tricks;
Anacreon's caſes ſee, page twenty-ſix:
The precedent's glorious, and juſt, by my ſoul;
Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl,
Lay hold, &c.

What's life but a frolic, a ſong, and a laugh?
My toaſt ſhall be this, whilſt I've liquor to quaff;
"May mirth and good fellowſhip always abound,"
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round,
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

SONG 35.

IN ſtory we're told
How our monarchs of old
O'er France ſpread their loyal domain;

But no annals can ſhew
Their pride laid ſo low,
As when brave George the Second did reign, brave boys!
As when brave George the Second did reign.

Of Roman and Greek,
Let fame no more ſpeak,
How their arms the whole world did ſubdue;
Thro' the nations around,
Let our trumpets now ſound,
How Britons have conquer'd the new, brave boys!
How Britons have conquer'd the new.

Eaſt, weſt, north, and ſouth,
Our cannon's loud mouth,
Shall the rights of our monarch maintain:
On America's ſtrand,
Amherſt limits the land,
Boſcawen gives law on the main, brave boys!
Boſcawen gives law on the main.

Each port and each town
We ſtill make our own;
Cape Breton, Crown Point, Niagar,
Guadaloupe, Senegal,
Quebec's mighty fall,
Shall prove we've no equal in war, brave boys!
Shall prove we've no equal in war.

Though Conflans did boaſt,
He'd conquer our coaſt,
Our thunder ſoon made monſieur mute;
Brave Hawke wing'd his way,
Then pounc'd on his prey,
And gave him an Engliſh ſalute, brave boys!
And gave him an Engliſh ſalute.

At Minden you know
How we conquer'd the foe,
While homeward their army now ſteals;
Tho' they cry'd Britiſh bands
Are too hard for our hands,
Begar we can beat them in heels, Morbleu!
Begar we can beat them in heels.

While our heroes from home
For laurels now roam,
Should their flat-bottom boats but appear;
Our militia ſhall ſhew
No wooden-ſhoe roe,
Can with freemen in battle compare, brave boys!
Can with freemen in battle compare.

Our fortunes and lives,
Our children and wives,
To defend is the time now or never;
Then let each volunteer
To the drum head repair;
King George and Old England for ever, brave boys!
King George and Old England for ever.

SONG 36.

ADVICE TO THE FAIR.

Sung by Maſter Buſby, *at* Vauxhall.

TO reaſon you fair ones, aſſert your pretence,
Nor hearken to language beneath common ſenſe;
When angels men call ye, and homage would pay,
If you credit the tale you're as faulty as they.

Ten thouſand gay ſcenes are preſented to view,
Ten thouſand oaths ſwore, but not one of them true;
Such

Such paſſions, O heed not, unleſs to deride,
Leſt a victim you fall to an ill-grounded pride.

Prefer ye the dicta'es of virtue to ſound,
True bleſſings can ne'er without goodneſs be found;
Leave folly and faſhion, miſguiders of youth,
And ſtick to their oppoſites, freedom and truth.

SONG 37. The SLIGHTED LOVER.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, *at* Vauxhall.

LOvely Maid! fair beauty's pride!
Do not thus my bliſs deny!
Ceaſe my tender love to chide,
Why ſo cruel, Daphne, why?

Kindly to my wiſh incline,
Why will Daphne faithleſs prove?
Know, my ſoul is wholly thine,
And my heart is form'd for love.

Why, thus ſlight a faithful ſwain,
Who to love was ever true?
Why, thus give that boſom pain,
Which ſo long hath ſigh'd for you?

SONG 38.

The Words from Shakeſpeare. *Sung at* Ranelagh.

COME, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleaſures prove,
That hills and vallies, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountain yields:
There will we ſit upon the rocks,
And ſee the ſhepherds feed their flocks,

Near

Near ſhallow rivers by whoſe falls
Melodious birds ſing madrigals.

There will I make thee bed of roſes,
With a thouſand fragrant poſies,
A cap of flowers, with a girdle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the fineſt wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull.
If theſe delights thy mind may move
Come, live with me, and be my love.

Fur-lined ſlipper from the cold,
With buckles of the pureſt gold;
A belt of ſtraw with ivy buds,
And coral claſps, and ſilver ſtuds:
The ſhepherd ſwains ſhall dance and ſing,
For thy delight each May morning.
If theſe delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

SONG. 39.

Sung by Maſter Buſby, *at* Vauxhall.

GENTLE ladies, kindly ſtay,
You need not ſurely run away;
I can do no mortal harm,
I'm too young to raiſe alarm.

Not a Cupid arm'd with darts,
To wound your ſtill unguarded hearts;
Nor a ſwain your breaſts to move,
Or who knows the thing call'd Love.

Safely I may here abide,
You ſhall never need to chide;
I will run, or fly, or ſtay,
Ladies, will you take me, ſay?

But

But if Love hereafter deigns,
To fill with warmth theſe little veins;
What I can, I ſtill will do,
Then I'll ſerve both Love and you.

SONG 40.

Sung by Mrs. Weichſel, *at* Vauxh ll.

CUPID, from his favourite nation,
Care and envy will remove;
Jealouſy, that poiſons paſſion,
And deſpair, that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, ſweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of love;
Soft repulſes, kind diſdaining,
Shall be all the pains you prove.

Ev'ry ſwain ſhall pay his duty,
Grateful ev'ry nymph ſhall prove!
And as theſe excel in beauty,
Thoſe ſhall be renown'd for love.

SONG 41. *In* LOVE in a VILLAGE.

STILL in hopes to get the better
Of my ſtubborn flame I try,
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.
Now prepar'd with ſcorn to treat her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave;
Then, relapſing, fly to meet her,
And confeſs myſelf her ſlave.

SONG 42. *In* ELIZA.

MY fond ſhepherds of late were ſo bleſt,
Their fair nymphs were ſo happy and gay,
That each night they went ſafely to reſt,
And they merrily ſung through the day:
But, ah! what a ſcene muſt appear!
Muſt the ſweet rural paſtimes be o'er?
Shall the tabor no more ſtrike the ear?
Shall the dance on the green be no more?

Muſt the flocks from their paſtors be led?
Muſt the herds go wild ſtraying abroad?
Shall the looms be all ſtopp'd in each ſhed,
And the ſhips be all moor'd in each road?
Muſt the arts be all ſcatter'd abroad,
And ſhall Commerce grow ſick of the tide?
Muſt Religion expire on the ground,
And ſhall Virtue ſink down by her ſide?

SONG 43. *In the* PADLOCK.

WAS I a ſhepherd's maid, to keep,
On yonder plains a flock of ſheep,
Well pleas'd I'd watch the live-long day,
My ewes at feed, my lambs at play.

Or wou'd ſome bird that pity brings,
But for a moment lend it's wings,
My parents then might rave and ſcold,
My guardian ſtrive my will to hold:
Their words are harſh, his walls are high,
But ſpite of all away I'd fly.

SONG

SONG 44.

The QUEEN of MAY. *Sung at* Ranelagh.

EV'RY nymph and ſhepherd, bring
Tributes to the queen of May;
Riſle for her brows the ſpring;
Make her as the ſeaſon gay,
Make her as the ſeaſon gay.
Teach her then, from ev'ry flow'r,
How to uſe the fleeting hour;
Teach her then, from ev'ry flow'r,
How to uſe the fleeting hour,
How to uſe the fleeting hour.

Now the fair narciſſus blows,
With his ſweetneſs now delights;
By his ſide, the maiden roſe
With her artleſs bluſh invites,
With her, &c.
Such, ſo fragrant, and ſo gay,
Is the blooming queen of May;
Such, ſo fragant, &c.

Soon the fair narciſſus dies,
Soon he droops his languid head;
From the roſe her purple flies,
None inviting to her bed,
None, &c.
Such, tho' now ſo ſweet and gay,
Soon ſhall be the queen of May;
Such, tho' now, &c.

Tho' thou art a rural queen,
By the ſuffrage of the ſwains,
Beauty, like the vernal green,
In thy ſhrine not long remains,
In thy ſhrine not long remains.

Bleſs

Bleſs, then, quickly bleſs the youth,
Who deſerves thy love and truth;
Bleſs, then, quickly, bleſs the youth,
Who deſerves thy love and truth,
Who deſerves thy love and truth.

SONG 45.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, *at* Vauxhall.

THO' Sol hath left the weſtern ſkies,
And bid the world good night;
The radiance of Belinda's eyes,
Affords ſufficient light.
In her the Graces all unite,
The Loves around her play;
What mortal can, at ſuch a ſight,
Regret the abſent day?

Should ev'ry flowret hide its head,
And wither in its bloom;
Her roſeate breath, diffuſive ſpread,
Would yield a rich perfume.
Should muſic ceaſe to charm the ear,
In ſymphony or ſong;
'Twould be enchanting ſtill to hear
The muſic of her tongue.

Ye fair, forgive me if I ſeem,
Too laviſh of her praiſe;
Nor let my fond enraptur'd theme,
Your indignation raiſe.
For tho' Belinda, (all confeſs)
The coldeſt heart can warm;
Theſe ſhades * a thouſand objects bleſs,
Replete with ev'ry charm.

* Alluding to Vauxhall gardens.

SONG 46.

In DAPHNE and AMINTOR.

THINK, oh! think, within my breaſt,
While contending paſſions reign,
How my heart is robb'd of reſt;
And, in pity, eaſe my pain.

To a lover, thus diſtreſt,
Torn with doubts, and hopes, and fears,
Ev'ry moment, till he's bleſt;
Is a thouſand, thouſand tears.

SONG 47.

Sung by Mrs. Smith, *at* Vauxhall.

WHEN ſhall little Love repoſe,
Ceaſe a wand'rer wild to roam,
Fear, diſtruſt, his mortal foes,
Who will give the child a home?
Oft he rambles here and there,
Talks in tender, piteous moan,
Every heart, who dreads a ſnare,
Bids the ſtrolling boy, begone!

SONG 48.

Sung by Mrs. Smith, *at* Vauxhall.

GENTLEST breezes waft him over,
To the diſtant ſultry iſle!
Love will ſhield from harm the rover,
Fame be kind and Fortune ſmile.

For

For an age, you muſt not leave me,
Nor to fartheſt climate roam;
Don't too long of joy bereave me,
Hope muſt bring the wand'rer home,
Gentleſt breezes, &c.

Think of her you left behind ye,
And to tender vows be true;
Conſtant, fond, you ſtill ſhall find me,
Peace, poor heart, dear youth, adieu!
Gentleſt breezes, &c.

SONG 49. *In the* CAPTIVE.

POOR panting heart, ah! wilt thou ever,
Throb within my troubled breaſt?
Shall I ſee the moment never,
That is doom'd to give thee reſt?

Cruel ſtars, that thus torment me,
Fortune ſmooths her front in vain;
Pleaſure's ſelf cannot content me,
But is turn'd with me to pain.

SONG 50. LOVE and CONSTANCY.

Sung at Ranelagh.

LONG time my heart has rov'd,
Inconſtant as the wind;
Each girl I ſaw, I ſwore I lov'd,
'Till one my heart confin'd,
'Till one my heart confin'd.
The maid was blithe, was young and fair,
From affectation free:
The maid was blithe, was young and fair,
From affectation free:

No imperfection did appear,
  While ſhe look'd kind on me;
No imperfection did appear,
  While ſhe look'd kind on me.

When her my pain I told,
  And all my grief confeſs'd,
The inſolence of female pride,
  Her cold diſdain expreſs'd;
    Her cold, &c.
The Beauty I eſteem'd before,
  Appear'd deformity.
    The beauty, &c.
Each charm, I thought a charm no more,
  She was unkind to me;
    Each charm, &c.

Forbear, fond youth, no more
  The ſex's weakneſs ſcan;
'Twas not inconſtancy, or pride,
  But trial of the man;
  But trial of the man:
When time had prov'd my flame ſincere,
  She own'd the ſame to me;
    When time, &c.
Not Love alone can win the fair,
  But Love and Conſtancy;
    Not Love, &c.

SONG 51.

ORPHEUS and EURYDICE.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions below,
  Which men are forbidden to ſee,
He tun'd up his lyre, as old hiſtories ſhew,
  To ſet his Eurydice free.

All

All hell ſtood amaz'd that a perſon ſo wiſe,
Should ſo raſhly endanger his life,
And venture ſo far, but how vaſt their ſurprize!
When they heard that he came for his wife.

To find out a puniſhment due to the fault,
Old Pluto long puzzl'd his brain;
But hell had not torments ſufficient, he thought,
So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity ſucceeding, ſoon vanquiſh'd his heart,
And pleas'd with his playing ſo well,
He took her again, in reward for his art!
Such power had muſic in hell!

SONG 52.

COME, chear up, my lads, 'tis to glory we ſteer.
To add ſomething new, to this wonderful year!
To honour we call you, not preſs you like ſlaves;
For who are ſo free, as we ſons of the waves?

CHORUS.

Heart of oak are our ſhips, heart of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, ſteady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again, and again.

We ne'er ſee our foes, but we wiſh them to ſtay;
They never ſee us, but they wiſh us away;
If they run, why we follow, and run them aſhore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

They ſwear they'll invade us, theſe terrible foes,
They'll frighten our women, and children, and beaus.
But ſhould their flat-bottoms in darkneſs get o'er,
Still Britons, they'il find to receive them aſhore.

We'll ſtill make them run, and we'll ſtill make them ſweat,
In ſpite of the devil, and Bruſſels gazette;
Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us ſing,
Our ſoldiers, our ſailers, our ſtateſmen, and king.

SONG 53.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, *at* Vauxhall.

STREPHON aroſe at early dawn,
And fought as wont his fleecy care;
His fleecy care, alas! were gone,
Nor knew the hapleſs ſhepherd where:
In vain each hill, in vain each dale,
Each dell, each brake he travers'd round;
Each pathleſs wood and flow'ry vale,
But not one lambkin could be found.

Cælia, he cry'd, my flocks are fled,
How ſhall I e'er thy grief aſſuage?
How ſhall I cheer thy drooping head,
If poverty ſhould mark my age?
Said ſhe, my love, Misfortune's dart,
Is pointed, and is ſpent in vain;
While I poſſeſs my ſhepherd's heart,
I laugh at ills and ſmile at pain.

Tho' every lambkin devious ſtray,
And grace our envious neighbours folds,
Nought can thy Celia's ſoul diſmay,
While Strephon to her breaſt ſhe holds:
Said he, my warmeſt thanks, O take,
Hence ſhalt thou be my only care;
If I thy virtues e'er forſake,
May heav'n regardleſs hear my pray'r.

If from thy lovely form mine eyes,
Should ſwerve but in the leaſt degree;
Thy dear idea will ariſe,
And lead the wand'rer back to thee.
Thus long they liv'd and long they lov'd,
As oft I've heard the ſtory told;
Kind heav'n their fortitude approv'd,
And amply fill'd the ſhepherd's fold.

SONG 54. *In the* CAPTIVE.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Yet, yet on Hope relies;
And the laſt ſigh that rends his heart,
Bids expectation riſe.

Hope, like the glimm'ning taper light,
Adorns and cheers our way;
And ſtill as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SONG 55. *In* LOVE in a VILLAGE,

OH! had I been by fate decreed
Some humble cottage ſwain,
In fair Roſetta's ſight to feed
My flocks upon the plain,
What bliſs had I been born to taſte,
Which now I ne'er muſt know?
Ye envious pow'rs! why have ye plac'd
My fair-one's lot ſo low?

SONG 56. *In* COMUS.

WOULD you taſte the noon-tide air,
To yon fragrant bow'r repair,

Where

Where woven with the poplar bough,
The mantling vine will ſhelter you,
The mantling vine will ſhelter you.
Down each ſide a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murm'ring as it goes,
Lightly o'er the moſſy ground,
Lightly o'er the moſſy ground,
Sultry Phœbus ſcorching round,
Sultry Phœbus ſcorching round.

Round the languid herds, and ſheep,
Stretch'd o'er ſunny hillocks, ſleep;
While on the hyacinth and roſe
The fair does all alone repoſe,
The fair does all alone repoſe;
All alone; yet in her arms
Your breaſt ſhall beat to love's alarms,
Till bleſt and bleſſing you ſhall own,
The joys of love are joys alone,
The joys of love are joys alone.

SONG 57.

In the Opera of ELIZA.

WHEN all the Attic fire was fled,
And all the Roman virtue dead,
Poor Freedom loſt her ſeat,
Poor Freedom loſt her ſeat:
The Gothick mantle ſpread a night,
That damp'd fair Virtue's fading light;
The muſes loſt their mate,
The muſes loſt their mate.

Where ſhould they wander? what new ſhore
Had yet a laurel left in ſtore?
To this bleſt iſle they ſteer,
To this bleſt iſle they ſteer.

Soon

Soon the Parnaſſian choir was heard,
Soon Virtue's ſacred form appear'd,
And Freedom ſoon was here,
And Freedom ſoon was here.

The lazy monk has loſt his cell,
Religion rings her hallow'd bell,
She calls thee now by me,
She calls thee now by me.
Hark, hark, hark, her voice all plaintive ſounds,
See, ſee, ſee, ſhe receives a thouſand wounds,
If ſhielded not by thee,
If ſhielded not by thee.

SONG 58.

In the Engliſh Opera *of* ARTAXERXES.

WATER, parted from the ſea,
May increaſe the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or through fertile valleys glide.

Though, in ſearch of loſt repoſe,
Thro' the land 'tis free to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Till it reach its native home.

SONG 59. *In* ARTAXERXES.

O Much-lov'd ſon! if death
Has ſtol'n thy vital breath,
I'll ſhare thy hapleſs fate!
But ere the dagger drinks my blood,
A murther'd king at Lethe's flood
The tidings ſhall relate!

Bid

Bid Charon ceaſe from toil,
And reſt upon his oar,
Till I arrive t'attain the ſoil
Where we ſhall part no more.

SONG 60. *In the* CONTRIVANCES.

ROVEWELL.

HASTE, haſte and away, my only dear,
Make haſte, and away, away;
For all at the gate
Thy true lover does wait:
Then pr'ythee make no delay.

ARETHUSA.

Oh! how ſhall I ſteal away, my love,
Oh! how ſhall I ſteal away?
My daddy is near,
And I dare not for fear;
Pray come then another day.

ROVEWELL.

Oh! this is the only day, my dear,
Oh! this is the only day;
I'll draw him aſide,
While you throw the gates wide,
And then you may ſteal away.

ARETHUSA.

Then pr'ythee make no delay, my dear,
Then pr'ythee make no delay;
We'll ſerve him a trick,
For I'll ſlip in the nick,
And with my true love away.

DUETTO.

Oh! Cupid, befriend a loving pair,
Oh! Cupid, befriend us I pray;
Make our ſtratagem take,
For thine own ſweet ſake,
And Amen let all true lovers ſay.

SONG 61. *In* LOVE in a VILLAGE.

HOPE! thou nurſe of young deſire,
Fairy promiſer of joy,
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate ſweet that ne'er can cloy;

Hope! thou earneſt of delight,
Softeſt ſoother of the mind,
Balmy cordial, proſpect bright,
Sureſt friend the wretched find:

Kind deceiver, flatter ſtill;
Deal out pleaſures unpoſſeſt:
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wiſhes make me bleſt.

SONG. 62.

GO, roſe, my Chloe's boſom grace,
My Chloe's boſom grace:
How happy ſhould I prove.
How happy ſhould I prove,
Might I ſupply that envy'd place
With never-fading love,
With never-fading love.
There Phœnix like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.

Know

Know, hapleſs flow'r, that thou ſhall find
More fragrant roſes there,
More fragrant roſes there.
I ſee thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and deſpair,
With envy and deſpair.
One common fate we both muſt prove,
You die with envy, I with love.
You die, &c.

SONG 63.

GUardians angels, now protect me;
Send me to the ſwain I love;
Cupid, with thy bow direct me.
Help me, all ye pow'rs above.
Bear him my ſighs, ye gentle breezes,
Tell him I love and I deſpair,
Tell him, for him I grieve,
Say, 'tis for him I live,
O may the ſhepherd be ſincere!

Thro' the ſhady groves I'll wander,
Silent as the bird of night:
Near the brink of yonder fountain,
Firſt Leander bleſs'd my ſight:
Witneſs, ye groves and falls of water,
Echoes repeat the vows he ſwore;
Can he forget me,
Will he neglect me,
Shall I never ſee him more!

Does he love and yet forſake me,
To admire a nymph more fair?
If 'tis ſo, I'll wear the willow,
And eſteem the happy pair.

Some

Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling,
Ne'er more the cares of life purſue:
The lark and Philomel
Only ſhall hear me tell
What makes me bid the world adieu.

SONG 64.

Sung by Mrs. Weichſel, *at* Vauxh ll.

GENTLE ſhepherd. ſoothe my ſorrow,
Kindly, kindly come to-morrow;
Let no loitering cares delay thee,
Let no other pleaſures ſtay thee.———

Soon return with joy to charm me,
Come, leaſt painful thoughts alarm me:
Smiling love, reſtore my rover,
Haſte, thou kind, yet cruel lover.

Gentle ſhepherd, &c.

SONG 65.

RECITATIVE.

TO Handel's pleaſing notes, as Chloe ſung
The charms of heav'nly liberty,
A gentle bird, till then with bondage pleas'd,
With ardour panted to be free:
His priſon broke, he ſeeks the diſtant plain;
Yet, ere he flies, tunes forth this parting ſtrain:

AIR.

Whilſt to the diſtant vale I wing,
Nor wait the ſlow return of ſpring,
Rather in leafleſs groves to dwell,
Than in my Chloe's warmer cell;

Forgive me, miſtreſs, ſince, by thee,
I firſt was taught ſweet liberty.

Soon as the welcome ſpring ſhall clear,
With genial warmth, the drooping year,
I'll tell, upon the topmoſt ſpray,
Thy ſweeter notes improv'd my lay,
And, in my priſon, learn'd from thee
To warble forth ſweet liberty.

Waſte not on me an uſeleſs care;
That kind concern let Strephon ſhare:
Slight are my ſorrows, ſlight my ills,
To thoſe which he, poor captive! feels,
Who, kept in hopeleſs bonds by thee,
Yet ſtrives not for his liberty.

SONG 66. *In the* BEGGARS OPERA.

THROUGH all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuſes his brother;
Whore and rogue they call huſband and wife;
All profeſſions be-rogue one another:
The prieſt calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer be knaves the divine;
And the ſtateſman, becauſe he's ſo great,
Thinks his trade as honeſt as mine.

SONG 67. *In* COMUS.

FLY ſwiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive
The nameleſs ſoft tranſports that beauty can give:
The bowl's frolic joy, let him teach her to prove;
And ſhe, in return, yield the raptures of love.

With-

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
Pow'r and grandeur inſipid, and riches a pain:
The moſt ſplendid palace grows dark as the grave:
Love and wine give, ye gods! or take back what ye gave.

SONG 68. *In the* MAID of the MILL.

YOU vile pack of vagabonds! what do you mean?
I'll maul you raſcallions,
You tatter-demallions—
If one of you comes within reach of my cane.
Such curſed aſſurance,
'Tis paſt all endurance.
Nay, nay, pray come away.
They're lyars and thieves,
And he that believes
Their fooliſh predictions,
Will find them but fictions,
A bubble that always deceives.

SONG 69. *In the* KING *and the* MILLER.

HOW happy a ſtate does a Miller poſſeſs,
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be leſs!
On his mill and himſelf he depends for ſupport,
Which is better than ſervilely cringing at court:
What tho' he all duſty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's be-powder'd, the more like a beau:
A clown in this dreſs may be honeſter far
Than a courtier who ſtruts in his garter and ſtar.
Than a courtier, &c.

Tho' his hands are ſo daub'd the're not fit to be ſeen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean;

A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold in handling will ſtick to the fingers, like meal.
What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without ſcruple, from other men's ſacks;
In this a right noble example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags,
Who borrow, &c.

Or ſhould he endeavour to heap an eſtate,
In this too he'd mimick the tools of the ſtate,
Whoſe aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
And all his concern's to bring griſt to his mill:
He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lie;
Then riſes up chearful to work and to ſing:
If ſo happy a Miller, then who'd be a King?
If ſo happy a Miller, then who'd be a King?

SONG 70. *In* ARTAXERXES.

TO ſigh and complain,
Alike I diſdain,
Contented my wiſh to enjoy:
I ſcorn to reflect
On a lady's neglect,
Or barter my peace for a toy.

In love, as in war,
I laugh at a ſcar;
And, if my proud enemy yield,
The joy that remains,
Is to lead her in chains,
And glean the rich ſpoils of the field.

SONG 71.

Sung by Mrs. Weichſel, *at* Vauxhall.

STREAMS that ſoftly, murm'ring flow,
At the fertile mountain's foot;
Flow'rs that ſweetly, beauteous grow,
At th'exalted beech's root:
When the northen blaſts roar high,
And the thunder-ſtorm is near;
Raiſe their heads towards the ſky;
See its threat'nings without fear.

Thus humility may calmly ſmile,
When ambition trembling meets the ſpoil.

SONG 72.

Sung by Mrs. Weichſel, *at* Vauxhall.

HOW blithly all the live-long day,
The feather'd warblers ſing;
On ev'ry buſh they chaunt their lay,
Or trill on ſoaring wing.

'Tis joy that fills the vocal race,
All unconfin'd and free;
We'll bleſs the roof from place to place,
How ſweet is liberty!

SONG 73.

WHEN mighty roaſt beef was the Engliſhman's food,
It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood;
Our ſoldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good:
O the roaſt beef of Old England!
And O the old Engliſh roaſt beef!

But ſince we have learnt from all-conquering France
To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,
We're fed up with nothing—but vain complaiſance :
O the roaſt beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robuſt, ſtout, and ſtrong,
And kept open houſe with good cheer all day long;
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this ſong,
O the roaſt beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to—what ſhall I name ?
A ſneaking poor race, half-begotten,—and tame,
Who ſully thoſe honours that once ſhone in fame :
O the roaſt beef, &c.

When good queen Elizabeth ſat on the throne,
Ere coffee, or tea, or ſuch ſlip-ſlops were known,
The world was in terror, if e'er ſhe did frown:
O the roaſt beef, &c.

In thoſe days, if fleets did preſume on the main,
They ſeldom or never return'd back again;
As witneſs, the vaunting armada of Spain.
O the roaſt beef, &c.

Oh! then they had ſtomachs to eat, and to fight,
And, when wrongs were a cooking, to do themſelves right;
But now we're a pack of—I could—but good-night:
O the roaſt beef of Old England !
And O the Old Engliſh roaſt beef !

SONG 74.

THE ſilver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals ſoftly thro' the night,
To wanton in the winding ſtream,
And kiſs reflected light;

To

To courts begone, heart-ſoothing ſleep,
Where you've ſo ſeldom been,
Whilſt I my wakeful vigil keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and ſwains expectant wait,
In primroſe chaplets gay;
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promis'd May:
The nymphs and ſwains ſhall all declare
The promis'd May, when ſeen,
Not half ſo fragrant, half ſo fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
And rouſe yon nodding grove,
'Till new-wak'd birds diſtend their throats,
And hail the maid I love:
At her approach the lark miſtakes,
And quits the new dreſs'd green—
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks;
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now, blithſome, o'er the dewy mead,
Where elves deſportive play,
The feſtal dance young ſhepherds lead,
Or ſing their lov'd-tun'd lay;
Till May, in morning robe, draws nigh,
And claims a virgin queen;
The nymphs and ſwains, exulting, cry,
Here's Kate of Aberdeen.

SONG 75. *In* THOMAS and SALLY,

THE ecchoing horn calls the ſportſmen abroad,
To horſe my brave boys, and away;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.

What

What pleaſure we find in purſuing the fox!
O'er hill and o'er valley he flies;
Then follow, we'll ſoon overtake him, huzza!
The traitor is ſeiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the ſpoil,
Like Bacchanals ſhouting and gay,
How ſweet with a bottle and laſs to refreſh
Aud loſe the fatigues of the day!
With ſport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy;
Dull wiſdom all happineſs ſours:
Since life is no more than a paſſage at beſt,
Let's ſtrew the way over with flow'rs.

SONG 76.

Sung by Mrs. Weichſel, *at* Vauxhall.

EMPTY ſpleen-born viſions fly!
Hail returning day!
Brain-ſick phantoms I defy,
All is light and gay!
Welcome pleaſure's roſy train!
Ev'ry balmy care!
Blooming hope, who comes again,
Smiles away deſpair

SONG 77.

ON the white cliffs of Albion, ſee Fame where ſhe ſtands,
And her ſhrill ſwelling notes reach the neighbouring lands:
Of the natives free-born, and their conqueſts ſhe ſings;
The happieſt of men with the greateſt of kings,

GEORGE

GEORGE the Third ſhe proclaims, his vaſt glory repeats,
His undiſmay'd legions, invincible fleets;
Whom nor caſtles or rocks can from honour retard,
Since e'en death for their king they with ſcorn diſregard.

O! but ſee a cloud burſts and an angel appears!
'Tis Peace, lovely virgin, diſſolved in tears!
"Say Fame, (cry'd the maid) is't not time to give o'er,
"With ſieges and famine, exploſions and gore?"

"His juſt right to aſſert hath the king amply try'd,
"Nor his wiſdom or ſtrength can opponents abide;
"Then no longer in rage let dread thunders be hurl'd,
"But leave him to me, and give peace to the world."

'Tis done, and great GEORGE is to mercy inclin'd,
The bleſt word is gone forth for the good of mankind;
'Tis the act of a Briton to beat, then to ſpare,
And our king is a Briton—deny it who dare?

(To HODGSON and KEPPEL let bumpers next ſmile,
And all our brave troops who have taken Belleiſle;
May they meet juſt reward, and with courage advance,
Still to humble the pride and the glory of France.)

Charge your glaſſes lip high, and drink health to the king,
To the duke and the princeſs, and make the air ring;
May the days of great GEORGE be all happy and long;
And the * man ſtill be right, who yet never was wrong.

SONG

* Mr. Secretary Pitt.

SONG 78.

WHERE's my ſwain ſo blythe and clever?
Why d'ye leave me all in ſorrow?
Three whole days are gone for ever,
Since you ſaid you'd come to-morrow.
If you lov'd but half as I do,
You'd been here with looks ſo bonny:
Love has flying wings, I well know,
Not for ling'ring lazy JOHNNY.

What can he now be a doing?
Is he with the laſſes maying?
He had better here be wooing,
Than with others fondly playing.
Tell me truly where he's roving,
That I may no longer ſorrow;
If he's weary grown of loving,
Let him tell me ſo to-morrow.

Does ſome fav'rite rival hide thee,
Let her be the happy creature,
I'll not plague myſelf to chide thee,
Nor diſpute with her a feature.
But I can't, nor will not tarry,
Nor will kill myſelf with ſorrow.
I may loſe the time to marry,
If I wait beyond to-morrow.

Think not, ſhepherd, thus to brave me,
If I'm yours, away no longer;
If you won't another'll have me,
I may cool, but not grow fonder.
If your lovers, girls, forſake ye,
Whine not in deſpair and ſorrow;
Bleſs'd another lad may make ye;
Stay for none beyond to-morrow,

SONG

SONG. 79.

The celebrated FOX-CHACE, *from Killegar through Killternan, Carrick-mines, &c. on December the 5th, 1744.*

To the Tune of SHEELANE GIRA.

HARK, hark, jolly ſportſmen, a while to my tale,
Which to pay your attention, I'm ſure cannot fail;
'Tis of lads, and of horſes, and dogs that ne'er tire,
O'er ſtone walls and hedges, thro' dale, bog and briar.
A pack of ſuch hounds, and a ſet of ſuch men,
'Tis a ſhrewd chance if ever you meet with again;
Had Nimrod the mightieſt of hunters been there,
'Fore gad, he had ſhook like an aſpin for fear.

In ſeventeen hundred, and forty and four,
The 5th of December, I think 'twas no more,
At five in the morning, by moſt of the clocks,
We rode from Killruddery in ſearch of a fox.
The Laughlinſtown landlord, the bold Owen Bray,
And ſquire Adair, ſure, was with us that day;
Jo Debill, Hall Preſton, that huntſman ſo ſtout,
Dick Holmes, a few others, and ſo we ſet out.

We caſt off our hounds for an hour or more,
When Wanton ſet up a moſt tunable roar;
Hark to Wanton, cry'd Jo, and the reſt were not ſlack,
For Wanton's no trifle eſteem'd in the pack.
Old Bonny and Collier came readily in,
And every hound join'd in the muſical din;
Had Diana been there, ſhe'd been pleas'd to the life,
And one of the lads got a goddeſs to wife.

Ten

Ten minutes paſt nine was the time of the day.
When Reynard broke cover, and this was his way;
As ſtrong from Killegar, as tho' he could fear none,
Away he bruſh'd round by the houſe of Killternan.
To Carrickmines thence, and to Cherriwood, then,
Steep Shank-hill he climb'd, and to Ballyman-glen,
Bray Common he croſs'd, leap'd lord Angleſey's wall,
And ſeem'd to ſay, "Little I value you all."

He ran Buſh's grove, up to Carbury Byrn's;
Jo Debil, Hall Preſton, kept leading by turns:
The earth it was open, yet he was ſo ſtout,
Tho' he might have got in, yet he choſe to keep out.
To Malpas' high hills was the way then he flew,
At Dalkey ſtone common we had him in view,
He drove on by Bullock, thro' ſhrub Glanagery,
And ſo on to Mountown, where Laury grew weary.

Thro' Rocheſtown wood, like an arrow he paſs'd,
And came to the ſteep hills of Dalkey at laſt:
There gallantly plung'd himſelf into the ſea,
And ſaid in his heart, "Sure none dare follow me."
But ſoon to his coſt, he perceiv'd that no bounds
Could ſtop the purſuit of the ſtaunch mettl'd hounds;
His policy here did not ſerve him a ruſh,
Five couple of tartars were hard at his bruſh.

To recover the ſhore, then again was his driſt,
But e'er he could reach to the top of the cliſt,
He found both of ſpeed and of cunning a lack,
Being way-laid, and kill'd by the reſt of the pack.
At his death there were preſent the lads that I've ſung,
Save Laury, who riding a garron, was flung.
Thus ended at length a moſt delicate chace,
That held us five hours and ten minutes ſpace.

We return'd to Killruddery's plentiful board,
Where dwells hoſpitality, truth, and my lord!

We talk'd o'er the chace, and we toaſted the health
Of the man that ne'er wearied for places of wealth.
Owen Bray baulk'd a leap, ſays Hall Preſton, 'twas odd,
'Twas ſhameful, cried Jack, by the great living—
Said Preſton, I hallow'd, "Get on, tho' you fall,
"Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all."

Each glaſs was adapted to freedom and ſport,
For party affairs we conſign'd to the court;
Thus we finiſh'd the reſt of the day and the night
In gay flowing bumpers, and ſocial delight.
Then till the next meeting, bid farewel each brother,
So ſome they went one way, and ſome went another;
As Phæbus befriended our earlier roam,
So Luna took care in conducting us home.

SONG 80.

COME, Roſalind, oh, come and ſee
What pleaſures are in ſtore for thee;
The flow'rs in all their ſweets appear,
The fields their gayeſt beauties wear,
The fields their gayeſt beauties wear;
The joyful birds, in ev'ry grove,
Now warble out their ſongs of love,
Now warble out their ſongs of love;
For thee they ſing, and roſes bloom,
And Colin thee invites to come,
And Colin thee invites to come.

Come, Roſalind, and Colin join;
My tender flocks and all are thine:
If love and Roſalind be near,
'Tis May and pleaſure all the year,
'Tis May and pleaſure all the year.

Come, ſee a cottage and a ſwain:
Can'ſt thou my love or gifts diſdain,
Can'ſt thou my love or gifts diſdain?
Leave all behind, no longer ſtay,
For Colin calls, then haſte away,
For Colin calls, then haſte away.

SONG 81.

BEHOLD the ſweet flowers around,
With all the bright beauties they wear;
Yet none on the plains can be found,
So lovely, ſo lovely as Celia is fair,
So lovely as Celia is fair:
Ye warblers, come raiſe your ſweet throats,
No longer in ſilence remain,
No longer in ſilence remain,
Oh! lend a fond lover your notes,
To ſoften, to ſoften my Celia's diſdain,
To ſoften my Celia's diſdain.

Oft times in yon flowery vale
I breathe my complaints in a ſong,
I breathe my complaints in a ſong;
Fair Flora attends the ſad tale,
And ſweetens, and ſweetens the borders along,
And ſweetens the borders along.
But Celia, whoſe breath might perfume
The boſom of Flora in May,
The boſom of Flora in May,
Still frowning, pronounces my doom,
Regardleſs, regardleſs of all I can ſay,
Regardleſs of all I can ſay.

SONG 82.

Sung by Mrs. Smith, *at* Vauxhall.

TO the conſcious groves I hie me,
Where I late was blythe and gay;
Try to fancy Colin nigh me,
So to paſs the hours away.

But can ſcenes like thoſe delight me,
When my ſwain's no longer there?
Hill nor dale, nor ſtream invite me,
Now no more they're worth my care.
To the conſcious groves, &c.

Come thyſelf without delaying,
In thoſe ſhades I find no eaſe;
But with thee whilſt fondly ſtraying,
Ev'ry place is ſure to pleaſe.
To the conſcious groves, &c.

SONG 83.

BLEST as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee all the while,
Softly ſpeak, and ſweetly ſmile!
So ſpoke the eaſtern maid;
(Like thine, ſeraphic were her charms)
That in Circaſſia's vineyard ſtray'd,
And bleſt the wiſeſt monarch's arms.

A thouſand fair, of high deſert,
Strove to enchant the am'rous king;
But the Circaſſian gain'd his heart,
And taught the royal bard to ſing.

Clarinda thus our ſong inſpires,
And claims the ſmooth and ſofteſt lays:
But while each charm our boſom fires,
Words ſeem too few to ſound her praiſe.

Her mind in ev'ry grace compleat,
To paint, ſurpaſſes human ſkill:
Her majeſty, mixt with the ſweet,
Let ſeraphs ſing her, if they will.
Whilſt wand'ring, with a raviſh'd eye,
We all that's perfect in her view,
Viewing a ſiſter of the ſky,
To whom an adoration's due.

SONG 84. *In the* CAPTIVE.

NOW, now, my faireſt, let us go;
Fortune, fate can frown no more;
A gentle gale begins to blow
To waft us to a ſafer ſhore.

Let us the fav'ring minute ſeize,
Give all our canvas to the wind,
Take with us freedom, love and eaſe,
And leave remorſe and pain behind.

SONG 85.

Sung by Mrs. Weichſel, *at* Vauxhall.

YE blitheſt lads and laſſes gay,
Come liſten to my tale;
As I one evening ſleeping lay,
Within the flow'ry vale;
Young Strephon paſſing thro' the mead,
By chance did me eſpy;
He took his bonnet off his head,
And gently ſat down by.

The

The ſwain, tho' I moſt dearly priz'd,
Yet now I would not know;
But with a frown my face diſguis'd,
And ſtrove away to go:
But fondly he ſtill nearer preſt,
And at my feet did lie;
His beating heart it thump'd ſo faſt,
I thought the lad would die.

But ſtill reſolving to deny,
(The ſurer him to gain)
I bid the love-ſick ſhepherd fly,
In words of high diſdain.
He left me, never to return,
And to young Jenny flew;
While I my folly daily mourn,
For ſlighting one ſo true.

SONG 86. *In the* PADLOCK.

SAY little, fooliſh, flutt'ring thing,
Whither, ah! whither wou'd you wing
Your airy flight?
Stay here, and ſing,
Your miſtreſs to delight,
No, no, no,
Sweet Robin you ſhall not go;
Where, you wanton, could you be,
Half ſo happy as with me?

SONG 87. MYRTILLA, *Sung at* Ranelagh.

YE chearful virgins, have ye ſeen
My fair Myrtilla paſs the green,
To roſe or jeſs'mine bow'r,
To roſe or jeſs'mine bow'r?

Where does ſhe ſeek the woodbine ſhade?
For ſure ye know the blooming maid,
Sweet as the May-born flow'r,
Sweet as the May-born flow'r.

Her cheeks are like the maiden roſe
Join'd with the lily as it grows,
Where each in ſweetneſs vie,
Where each in ſweetneſs vie.
Like dew-drops glitt'ring in the morn,
When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,
Health ſparkles in her eye,
Health ſparkles in her eye.

Her ſong is like the linnet's lay,
That warbles chearful on the ſpray,
To hail the vernal beam,
To hail the vernal beam.
Her heart is blither than her ſong;
Her paſſions gently move along,
Like the ſmooth-gliding ſtream,
Like the ſmooth-gliding ſtream.

SONG 88.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, *at* Vauxhall.

SONS of eaſe, be blythe and gay,
Lull the cares of life away:
Fly to peaceful whiſpering groves,
To the graces and the loves.

But my ſoul diſdains the joys,
Pants for deeds of deathleſs noiſe:
Love and wine wou'd court my ſtay,
Glory calls, and I obey.

Softer pleaſures I diſclaim,
Welcome honour, welcome fame!
Meaner objects I reſign,
But be vaſt ambition mine!

SONG

SONG 89. *In* DAPHNE *and* AMINTOR.

YE zephyrs that fan the calm air,
Ye fountains that ſtream all around,
Oh! ceaſe my heart to wound,
Your gentle blowing,
Your murmurs, flowing,
But waken my care;
Lackaday,
Welladay,
Ah, me;
Muſt I die in deſpair.

SONG 90.

Sung by Miſs Wright, *at* Vauxhall.

O Sawney, why leav'ſt thou thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy preſence could eaſe me,
When naething could pleaſe me;
Now dowie I ſigh on the banks of the burn,
Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear;
While lav'rocks are ſinging,
And primroſes ſpringing;
Yet nane of them pleaſes my eyne or my ear,
When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.
That I am forſaken, ſome ſpear not to tell;
I'm faſh'd wi' their ſcorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning;
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When throw the wood, laddie, I wander my ſell.

Then ſtay, my dear Sawney, nae longer away;
But quick as an arrow,
Haſte here to thy marrow,

Wha's

Wha's living in langaur till that happy day ; [play.
When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance, ſing and

SONG 91.

Sung by Mrs. Weichſel, *at* Vauxhall.

FLatt'ring hopes the mind deceiving,
Eaſy faith too often cheat ;
Woman fond and all-believing,
Loves and hugs the dear deceit.

Empty ſhow of pomp and riches,
Cupid's trick to catch the fair ;
Lovely maid too oft bewitches,
Flattery is the beauty's ſnare.
Flatt'ring hopes the mind, &c.

SONG 92.

A CANTATA.

Sung by Mrs. Smith, *at* Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

FAIR Venus left her bleſt abodes, they ſay,
And to the woodlands once purſu'd her way ;
There ſought Diana, and in ſoothing ſtrains,
She thus implor'd the queen of woods and plains.

AIR.

The chace's joys I wiſh to know,
Like Dian to be dreſt ;
With thee, thro' toils oh let me go !
An huntreſs all confeſt !
Take, take me in thy chearful train,
(Let Cupid ſhare the day !)
I long to hunt the wood and plain,
O'er hill and far away.

DIANA.

DIANA.

AIR.

Forbear to aſk me, queen of love!
(Diana quick replies)
Oh! hie thee to thy Paphian grove,
To taſte of ſofter joys.

Our din would hurt thy tender ear,
Thy feet are ſlow of pace:
Our toils wou'd fill thy heart with fear;
Forego the fatal chace.

Keep, keep thee with thy ſon away,
Nor urge the ſuit in vain;
No more my nymphs would own my ſway,
If Love ſhou'd join my train.

SONG 93.

Sung by Mrs. Weichſel, *at* Vauxhall.

MAIDENS, let your lovers languiſh.
If you'd have them conſtant prove;
Doubts and fears, and ſighs and anguiſh,
Are the chains that faſten love.

Jocky woo'd, and I conſented,
Soon as e'er I heard his tale,
He with conqueſt quite contented,
Boaſting, rov'd around the vale.
Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

Now he doats on ſcornful Molly,
Who rejects him with diſdain.
Love's a ſtrange bewitching folly,
Never pleas'd without ſome pain.
Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

SONG

SONG 94.

The BRIDAL DAY. *A Cantata.*

Sung by Miſs Smith, *at* Marybone-Gardens.

RECITATIVE.

YE ſwains, who reap the ripen'd corn,
And with ſoft muſic hail the morn,
Your ſickles lay aſide:
Hence, labour's preſſive hand away;
In rural paſtime ſpend the day,
To charm the new-made bride.

AIR.

With roſes deck the jeſs'mine bow'rs;
Beſtrew the verdant mead with flow'rs,
That Phœbe paſs along;
Hark, hark! the feather'd race, on wing,
To love's ſoft impulſe warbling ſing
Their ſoft melodious ſong.

RECITATIVE.

Then fill, ye ſwains, the rural reed;
Let art with nature vie;
Nor let the ſhrill-ton'd lark impede
Your partial harmony.

AIR.

Whilſt blithe as May morning
When nature looks charming,
The damſels ſhall dance on the green;
'Tis with beauty replete,
The fair Phœbe we greet,
And hail her our paſtoral queen.

SONG

SONG. 95.

BID me, when forty winters more
Have furrow'd deep my pallid brow;
When from my head, a ſcanty ſtore,
Lankly the wither'd treſſes flow:
When the warm tide, that bold and ſtrong
Now rolls impetuous on, and free,
Languid and ſlow ſcarce ſteals along;
Then bid me court ſobriety.

Nature, who form'd the varied ſcene
Of rage and calm, of froſt and fire,
Unerring guide, could only mean
That age ſhould reaſon, youth deſire.
Shall then that rebel man preſume
(Inverting nature's law) to ſeize
The dues of age in youth's high bloom,
And join impoſſibilities?

No—let me waſte the frolick May
In wanton joys and wild exceſs,
In revel, ſport, and laughter gay,
And mirth, and roſy chearfulneſs.
Woman, the ſoul of all delight,
And wine, the aid of love, be near:
All charm me, that to joy incite;
And ev'ry ſhe, that's kind, is fair.

SONG 96. *In the* PADLOCK.

BY ſome I am told,
That I'm wrinkled and old;
But I will not believe what they ſay,
I feel my blood mounting,
Like ſtreams in a fountain,
That merrily ſparkle and play.

For

For love I have will
And ability ſtill;
Odsbobs, I can ſcarcely refrain!
My diamond, my pearl——
Well, be a good girl,
Until I come to you again.

SONG 97. *Sung at* Vauxhall.

DEAREST Kitty! kind and fair!
Tell me when, and tell me where,
Tell me, fond and faithful ſwain,
When we thus ſhall meet again?
Where ſhall Strephon fondly ſee
Beauties only found in thee,
Beauties only found in thee?

Kiſs thee, preſs thee, toy and play
All the happy live-long day,
Deareſt Kitty! kind and fair!
Tell me when, and tell me where,
Tell me when, and tell me where.

All the happy day, 'tis true,
Bleſt, but only then, with you;
Nightly Strephon ſighs alone,
Sighs till Hymen makes us one,
Sighs till Hymen makes us one.

Tell me then, and eaſe my pain,
Tell thy fond and faithful ſwain.
When the prieſt ſhall kindly join
Kitty's trembling hand to mine?
Deareſt Kitty! kind and fair!
Tell me when, I care not where.
Tell me when, I care not where.

SONG 98.

DAMON and SYLVIA. *A Dialogue.*

He. DEAR Sylvia, no longer my paſſion deſpiſe,
Nor arm thus with terror thoſe beautiful eyes,
Nor arm thus with terror thoſe beautiful eyes.
They become not diſdain, but moſt charming would prove,
If once they were ſoften'd with ſmiles and with love,
If once they were ſoften'd with ſmiles and with love.

She. While I with a ſmile can each ſhepherd ſubdue,
Oh Damon I muſt not be ſoften'd by you,
Oh Damon, &c.
Nor fondly give up, in an unguarded hour,
The pride of us women, unlimited pow'r,
The pride, &c.

He. Tho' pow'r, my dear, be to deities giv'n,
Yet generous pity's the darling of heav'n,
Yet generous, &c.
Oh then be that pity extended to me,
I'll kneel and acknowledge no goddeſs but thee,
I'll kneel, &c.

She. Suppoſe to your ſuit I ſhould liſten awhile.
And only for pity's ſake grant you a ſmile,
And only, &c.

He. Nay ſtop not at that, but your kindneſs improve,
And let gentle pity be ripen'd to love,
And let, &c.

She. Well then, faithful ſwain, I'll examine my heart,
And if it be poſſible, grant you a part,
And if, &c.

H. Now that's like yourſelf, like an angle expreſs'd;
For, grant me but part, and I'll ſoon ſteal the reſt.
For, grant, &c.

Both. Take heed, ye fair maids, and with caution believe,
For Love's an intruder, and apt to deceive,
For Love's an intruder, and apt to deceive;
When once the leaſt part the ſly urchin has gain'd,
You'll ne'er be at eaſe till the whole is obtain'd,
You'll ne'er be at eaſe till the whole is obtain'd.

SONG 99. *In* DAPHNE *and* AMINTOR,

IN vain, in ſearch of quiet,
From place to place I range;
My reſtleſs cares augmenting,
No med'cine find in change.

Delights, ſo lately charming,
Have loſt their pow'r to pleaſe;
Yet ſomething cou'd I find it,
Methinks wou'd give me eaſe.

SONG 100.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal ſhell,
To hills and dales my paſſion tell,
A flame which time can never quell,
But burns for thee, my Peggy:
You, greater bards, the lyre ſhould hit;
For ſay, what ſubject is more fit,
Than to record the ſparkling wit
And bloom of lovely Peggy?

The

The ſun firſt riſing in the morn,
That paints the dew-beſpangled thorn,
Does not ſo much the day adorn,
As does my lovely Peggy:
And when in Thetis' lap to reſt,
He ſtreaks with gold the ruddy weſt,
He's not ſo beauteous as, undreſt,
Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyr on the vi'let blows,
Or breathes upon the damaſk roſe,
It does not half the ſweets diſcloſe,
As does my lovely Peggy:
I ſtole a kiſs the other day,
And (truſt me) nought but truth I ſay,
The fragrance of the blooming May
Was not ſo ſweet as Peggy.

Was ſhe array'd in ruſtic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon the oaten reed,
To pleaſe my lovely Peggy:
With her a cottage would delight:
All's happy when ſhe's in my ſight;
But when ſhe's gone, 'tis endleſs night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r ſtill rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or ſtately ſwans the water love,
So long ſhall I love Peggy;
And, when death, with his pointed dart,
Shall ſtrike the blow that rives my heart,
My words ſhall be when I depart,
Adieu, my lovely Peggy!

SONG 101.

In LOVE in a VILLAGE.

THE honeſt heart, whoſe thoughts are clear
From fraud, diſguiſe, and guile,
Need neither Fortune's frowning fear,
Nor court the harlot's ſmile.

The greatneſs that would make us grave,
Is but an empty thing;
What more than mirth would mortals have?
The chearful man's a king!

SONG 102.

VAIN is ev'ry fond endeavour
To reſiſt the tender dart;
For examples move us never;
We muſt feel, to know the ſmart.
When the ſhepherd ſwears he's dying,
And our beauties ſets to view;
Vanity, her aid ſupplying,
Bids us think 'tis all our due,
Bids us think 'tis all our due.

Softer than the vernal breezes
Is the mild, deceitful ſtrain;
Frowning truth our ſex diſpleaſes;
Flatt'ry never ſues in vain:
But, too ſoon, the happy lover
Does our tend'reſt hopes deceive:
Man was form'd to be a rover,
Fooliſh woman to believe,
Fooliſh woman to believe.

SONG 103. *In* ALFRED.

WHEN Britain firſt, at heav'n's command
Aroſe from out the azure main,
Aroſe, &c.
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels ſung the ſtrain:
Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never will be ſlaves.

The nations not ſo bleſt as thee,
Muſt, in their turns, to tyrants fall,
Muſt, in, &c.
Whilſt thou ſhalt flouriſh, ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More dreadful from each foreign ſtroke,
More dreadful, &c.
As the loud blaſt that tears the ſkies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
All their, &c.
Will but arouſe, arouſe thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe, and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine,
Thy cities, &c.
All thine ſhall be, ſhall be the ſubject main,
And ev'ry ſhore it circles, thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muſes, ſtill with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſt repair;
Bleſs'd iſle! with beauties, with matchleſs beauties crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,
For Britons never will be ſlaves.

SONG 104. *In* DAPHNE *and* AMINTOR.

PRETEND no longer to reſtrain
The paſſion ſtruggling in my mind;
Like ſprightly courſes that diſdain,
The feeling curbing of the rein,
It ſtarts, and leaves the will behind.

My pangs increaſe; I'm all on fire;
Then let me to the charmer fly;
Obtain her love, my ſoul's deſire;
Or, at her feet, a martyr die.

SONG 105.

CHAISE MARINE, by an officer.

MY deareſt life, were you my wife,
How happy ſhould I be!
And all my care, in peace and war,
Should be to pleaſure thee.
When up and down, from town to town,
We jolly ſoldiers rove,
Then you, my queen, in chaiſe marine,
Shouldſt move like queen of love.

Your love I prize beyond the ſkies,
Beyond the ſpoils of war,
Wouldſt thou agree to follow me
In humble baggage car;

For

For happineſs, tho' in diſtreſs,
In ſoldiers wives is ſeen,
And pride in coach has more reproach
Than love in chaiſe marine.

Oh do not hold your love in gold,
Nor ſet your heart on gain;
Behold the great with all their ſtate,
Their lives are care and pain:
In houſe or tent, I pay no rent,
Nor care nor trouble ſee,
And ev'ry day I get my pay,
And ſpend it merrily.

Love not thoſe knaves, great Fortune's ſlaves,
Who lead ignoble lives,
Nor deign to ſmile on men ſo vile,
Who right none but their wives:
For Britain's right and you we fight,
And ev'ry ill defy,
Should but the fair reward our care
With love and conſtancy.

If ſighs nor groans, nor tender moans,
Can't win your harden'd heart,
Let Love in arms, with all his charms,
Then take a ſoldier's part:
With fife and drum, the ſoldiers come,
And all the pomp of war,
Then don't think mean of chaiſe marine,
'Tis Love's triumphant car.

SONG 106.

COME, let us prepare,
We brother's that are,
Met together on merry occaſion;

Let's

Let's drink, laugh, and ſing,
Our wine has a ſpring:
Here's a health to an accepted maſon.

The world is in pain,
Our ſecret to gain,
But ſtill let them wonder and gaze on;
Till they're ſhewn the light,
They'll ne'er know the right
Word or ſign of an accepted maſon.

'Tis this and 'tis that;
They cannot tell what;
Why ſo many great men in the nation,
Should aprons put on,
To make themſelves one
With a free and an accepted maſon.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,
Have laid by their ſwords,
This our myſt'ry to put a good grace on;
And ne'er been aſham'd,
To hear themſelves nam'd,
With a free and an accepted maſon.

Antiquity's pride
We have on our ſide,
It makes each man juſt in his ſtation;
There's nought but what's good,
To be underſtood,
By a free and an accepted maſon.

We're true and ſincere,
We're juſt to the fair,
They'll truſt us on ev'ry occaſion;
No mortal can more
The ladies adore
Than a free and an accepted maſon.

Then join hand in hand,
To each other firm ſtand,
Lets be merry and put a bright face on;
No mortal can boaſt
So noble a toaſt
As a free and an accepted maſon,

SONG 107.

Sung by Mrs. Smith, *at* Vauxhall.

THO' the winds are whiſtling round me,
And the midnight rains deſcend;
Painful fear ſhall near confound me,
Guardian love will be my friend.

Night! how much I can defy thee!
Laugh at all thy negro train!
Day returning, Damon's nigh me,
Storms may beat, but beat in vain,
Tho' the winds, &c.

On my ſhepherd, fond reclining,
Pleaſing ſafety ſoothes my breaſt:
Welcome winds to peace inclining!
Winds that lull to downy reſt!
Tho' the winds, &c.

SONG 108.

Sung by Mrs. Smith, *at* Vauxhall.

YE gliding minutes, fleetly move;
Bring to my wiſhing arms my love:
But when he comes, to crown my eaſe,
Ye then may loiter as ye pleaſe
But ſwifter now than light'ning move,
For much I long to meet my love.

SONG

SONG 109.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, *at* Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

SEE! See! Aurora 'gins to riſe,
And paints with ruddy ſtreaks the ſkies!
Ere Phœbus does his beams diſplay,
Let's to our jocund ſports away.

AIR.

I rouze the game with hounds and horn,
With chearful cries I wake the morn;
Who riſing with her roſy face,
Enjoys the glory of the chace.
See the ſwift ſtag flies o'er the ground,
And hills and dales, and woods reſound;
Whilſt health and joy lead on the train,
Provoke the chace and ſcour the plain:
" And join," the jovial ſportſman cries,
" 'Till the ſtout prey, o'ertaken—dies."

SONG 110.

WHAT beauties does Flora diſcloſe!
How ſweet are her ſmiles upon Tweed!
Yet Moggy's ſtill ſweeter than thoſe,
She doth nature and fancy exceed:
Nor daiſy, nor ſweet bluſhing roſe,
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed, gliding gently through thoſe,
Such beauty and pleaſure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thruſh;
The black-bird, and ſweet cooing dove,
With muſic enchant ev'ry buſh.

Come,

Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us ſee how the primroſes ſpring;
We'll lodge in ſome village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks ſing.

How does my love paſs the long day?
Does Moggy not tend a few ſheep?
Do they never careleſly ſtray,
While, happily, ſhe lies aſleep?
Tweed's murmurs ſhould they lull her to reſt,
Kind nature indulging my bliſs,
To relieve the ſoft pains of my breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does all virgins excel;
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell:
She's faireſt where thouſands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed:
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet winding Tay,
Or the pleaſanter banks of the Tweed?

SONG III.

Sung in the SHEPHERD'S LOTTERY.

He. WHEN Fairies dance round on the graſs,
And revel to night's awful noon,
O ſay, will you meet me, ſweet laſs,
All by the clear light of the moon?
She. My paſſion I ſeek not to ſcreen
Then can I refuſe you your boon?
I'll meet you at twelve on the green:
All by the clear light of the moon.
I'll meet you at twelve on the green,
All by the clear light of the moon.

He.

He. The nightingale perch'd on a thorn,
Then charms all the plains with his tune,
And glad of the abſence of morn,
Salutes the pale light of the moon:
How ſweet is the jeſſamine grove!
How ſweet are the roſes of June!
But ſweeter the language of love,
Breath'd forth by the light of the moon,
But ſweeter, &c.

Too ſlow rolls the chariot of day,
Unwilling to grant me my boon:
Away, envious ſunſhine! away,
Give place to the light of the moon:
She. But ſay, will you never deceive
The laſs whom you conquer'd too ſoon,
And leave a ſoft maiden to grieve
Alone by the light of the moon?
And leave, &c.

He. The planets ſhall ſtart from their ſpheres,
Ere I prove ſo fickle a loon;
Believe me, I'll baniſh thy fears,
Dear maid, by the light of the moon:
Our loves when the ſhepherds ſhall view,
To us they their pipes ſhall attune,
While we our ſoft pleaſures renew,
Each night by the light of the moon:
While we our ſoft pleaſures renew,
Each night by the light of the moon.

SONG 112.

COME Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell,
Each lad with his laſs hither come,
With ſinging and dancing, in pleaſure advancing,
To celebrate harveſt home:

'Tis

'Tis Ceres bids play, and keep holiday,
To celebrate harveſt home, harveſt home,
To celebrate harveſt home.

Our labour is o'er, our barns in full ſtore
Now ſwell with rich gifts of the land;
Let each man then take, for his prong and his rake,
His can and his laſs in his hand:
For Ceres, &c.

No courtier can be ſo happy as we,
In innocence, paſtime and mirth,
While thus we carouſe with our ſweetheart or ſpouſe,
And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth,
When Ceres bids play and keep holiday,
To celebrate harveſt home, harveſt home,
To celebrate harveſt home.

SONG 113.

A Trifling ſong you ſhall hear,
Begun with a triſle, and ended:
All triſling people draw near,
And I ſhall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,
That lately have come into play,
The men would want ſomething to do,
And the women want ſomething to ſay.

What makes men triſle in dreſſing?
Becauſe the ladies, they know,
Admire, by often poſſeſſing,
That eminent triſle a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,
The triſle of trifles to gain,
No ſooner the virgin is rifled,
But a triſle ſhall part them again.

What mortal man would be able
At White's half an hour to ſit?
Or who could bear a tea-table,
Without taking trifles for wit?

The court is from trifles ſecure,
Gold keys are no trifles, we ſee;
White rods are no trifles, I'm ſure,
Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place,
Where trifles abundantly breed,
The levee will ſhew you his grace
Makes promiſes trifles indeed.

A coach with ſix footmen behind,
I count neither trifles nor ſin;
But, ye gods! how oft do we find,
A ſcandalous trifle within?

A flaſk of Champaign, people think it
A trifle, or ſomething as bad;
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no trifle, by gad,

A parſon's a trifle at ſea,
A widow's a trifle in ſorrow;
A peace is a trifle to-day,
Who knows what may happen to morrow?

A black coat a trifle may cloak,
Or to hide it a red may endeavour;
But if once the army is broke,
We ſhall have more trifles than ever.

The ſtage is a trifle, they ſay,
The reaſon pray carry along,
Becauſe that at every new play,
The houſe they with trifles do throng.

But with people's malice to triſle,
And to ſet us all on a ſoot,
The author of this is a triſle,
And his ſong is a triſle to boot.

SONG. 114.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a ſtall,
Which ſerv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and hall,
No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor no duns at his gate:
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himſelf happy,
If at night he could purchaſe a jug of brown nappy;
How he'd laugh then, and whiſtle, and ſing too moſt ſweet,
Saying, juſt to a hair I've made both ends to meet:
Derry down, &c.

But love, the diſturber of high and of low,
That ſhoots at the peaſant as well as the beau,
He ſhot the poor cobler quite horough the heart;
I wiſh he had hit ſome more ignoble part:
Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damſel continually lay;
Her eyes ſhone ſo bright when ſhe roſe ev'ry day,
That ſhe ſhot the poor cobler quite over the way:
Derry down, &c.

He ſung her love-ſongs as he ſat at his work,
But ſhe was as hard as a Jew or a Turk:
Whenever he ſpake ſhe would flounce and would fleer,
Which put the poor cobler quite into deſpair;
Derry down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himſelf was reſolv'd;
He pierc'd thro' his body inſtead of the ſole,
So the cobler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll:
Derry down, &c.

And now in good will I adviſe, as a friend,
All coblers take warning by this cobler's end:
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by what's paſt,
That love brings us all to an end at the laſt:
Derry down, &c.

SONG 115.

ARISE, ariſe, great dead, for arms renown'd,
Riſe from your urns, and ſave your dying ſtory;
Your deeds will be in dark oblivion drown'd,
For mighty William ſeizes all your glory.

Again the Britiſh trumpet ſounds,
Again Britannia bleeds;
To glorious death, or comely wounds,
Her godlike monarch leads.

Pay us, kind fate, the debt you owe,
Celeſtial minds from clay untie;
Let coward ſpirits dwell below,
And only give the brave to die.

SONG 116.

A favourite Song. Sung by Miſs Brent.

NYMPHS and ſhepherds, come away,
Wanton in the ſweets of May;
Trip it o'er the flow'ry lawns,
Wanton as the bounding fawns:
Frolic, buxom, blythe, and gay,
Nymphs and ſhepherds, come away.

SONG

SONG 117.

Set by Dr. Arne. *In* THOMAS and SALLY.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
From nymph to nymph, I ſtrove in vain
My wild deſires to rally:
But now they're of themſelves come home,
And, ſtrange! no longer ſeek to roam;
They center all in Sally.

Yet ſhe, unkind one! damps my joy,
And cries, I court but to deſtroy:
Can love with ruin tally?
By thoſe dear lips, thoſe eyes, I ſwear,
I would all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.

Come then, oh come! thou ſweeter far
Than jeſſamine and roſes are,
Or lillies of the valley;
O follow Love, and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to theſe arms, my dear,
And make me bleſt in Sally.

SONG 118. *Sung at* Vauxhall.

I Told my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were ſmall, my flocks were few;
While fault'ring accents ſpoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove ſincere.

Of crops deſtroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant ſheep that left my fold,
Of theſe ſhe heard, yet bore to hear;
And was not Flavia then ſincere?

How chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and ſhed a gen'rous tear;
And is not Flavia then ſincere?

How, if ſhe deign'd my love to bleſs,
My Flavia muſt not hope for dreſs,
This too ſhe heard, and ſmil'd to hear:
And Flavia ſure muſt be ſincere.

Go ſhear your flocks, ye jovial ſwains;
Go reap the plenty of your plains:
Deſpoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love's ſincere.

SONG 119. *Sung in* LOVE *in a* VILLAGE.

IN love ſhould there meet a fond pair,
Untutor'd by faſhion or art,
Whoſe wiſhes are warm and ſincere,
Whoſe words are th' exceſs of the heart;

If aught of ſubſtantial delight
On this ſide the ſtars can be found;
'Tis ſure, when that couple unite,
And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

SONG 120. The TIPPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

DIOGENES, ſurly and proud,
Who ſnarl'd at the Macedon youth,
Delighted in wine that was good,
Becauſe in good wine there is truth;
But growing as poor as a Job,
And unable to purchaſe a flaſk,
He choſe for his manſion a tub,
And liv'd by the ſcent of the caſk.

Heraclitus would never deny
To tipple and cheriſh his heart,
And when he was maudlin, he'd cry,
Becauſe he had empty'd his quart;
Tho' ſome are ſo fooliſh to think,
That he wept at mens follies and vice,

'Twas

'Twas only his faſhion to drink
Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
Of a bumper to cheriſh his ſoul,
And would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a good flowing bowl;
As long as his cellar was ſtor'd,
The liquor he'd merrily quaff,
And when he was drunk as a lord,
At thoſe that were ſober he'd laugh.

Copernicus too like the reſt,
Believ'd there was wiſdom in wine,
And fancy'd a cup of the beſt
Made reaſon the brighter to ſhine;
With wine he repleniſh'd his veins,
And made his philoſophy reel,
Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,
Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Ariſtotle, that maſter of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine,
And what we aſcribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine;
His belly, moſt writers agree,
Was as big as a watering-trough:
He therefore leap'd into the ſea,
Becauſe he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
He fondly to wiſdom was prone;
But had it not been for good wine,
His merits had never been known.
By wine we are generous made,
It furniſhes fancy with wings,
Without it we ne'er ſhould have had
Philoſophers, poets, or kings.

SONG

SONG 121. *The* MAN *of the* MILL.

NEAR the ſide of a pond, at the foot of a hill,
A free-hearted fellow attends on his mill:
Freſh health blooms her ſtrong roſy hue o'er his face,
And honeſty gives e'en to aukwardneſs grace,
Beflour'd with his meal does he labour and ſing,
And regaling at night he's as bleſt as a king;
After heartily eating, he takes a full ſwill
Of liquor home-brew'd, to ſucceſs of his mill.

He makes no nice ſcruple of toll for his trade.
For that's an exciſe to his induſtry paid;
His conſcience is free, and his income is clear,
And he values not them of ten thouſand a year;
He's a freehold ſufficient to give him a vote,
At elections he ſcorns to accept of a groat;
He hates your proud place-men; and do what they will,
They ne'er can ſeduce the ſtaunch man of the mill.

On Sunday he talks with the barber and prieſt,
And hopes that our ſtateſmen do all for the beſt;
That the Spaniards ſhall ne'er interrupt our free trade,
Nor good Britiſh coin be in ſubſidies paid;
He fears the French navy and commerce increaſe,
And he wiſhes poor Germany ſtill may have peace;
Tho' Old England, he knows, may have ſtrength and have ſkill
To protect all her manors, and ſave his own mill.

With this honeſt hope he goes home to his work,
And if water is ſcanty he takes up his fork,
And over the meadows he ſcatters his hay,
Or with the ſtiff plough turns up furrows of clay.
His harveſt is crown'd with a good Engliſh glee,
That his country may ever be happy and free;
With his hand and his heart to king George does he fill
And may all loyal ſouls act the man of the mill

SONG

SONG 122.

A DIALOGUE. *Sung in the* SORCERER.

He. CAST, my love, thine eyes around,
See the ſportive lambkins play;
Nature gaily decks the ground,
All in honour of the May:
Like the ſparrow and the dove.
Liſten to the voice of love.

She. Damon, thou haſt found me long
Liſt'ning to thy ſoothing tale,
And thy ſoft perſuaſive tongue
Often held me in the dale:
Take, oh! Damon, while I live,
All which virtue ought to give.

He. Not the verdure of the grove,
Not the garden's faireſt flow'r,
Nor the meads where lover's rove,
Tempted by the vernal hour,
Can delight thy Damon's eye,
If Florella is not by.

She. Not the water's gentle fall,
By the bank with poplars crown'd,
Not the feather'd ſongſters all,
Nor the flute's melodious ſound,
Can delight Florella's ear,
If her Damon is not near.

Both. Let us love, and let us live
Like the chearful ſeaſon gay:
Baniſh care, and let us give
Tribute to the fragrant May:
Like the ſparrow and the dove,
Liſten to the voice of love.

SONG

SONG 123.

The ORIGIN *of* ENGLISH LIBERTY.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambroſial feaſt,
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing:
Merry Momus among them was ſet as a gueſt,
(Homer ſays the celeſtials lov'd laughing:)
On each in the ſynod the humouriſt droll'd,
So none could his jokes diſapprove;
He ſung, reparty'd, and ſome ſmart ſtories told,
And at laſt thus began upon Jove.

"Sire! Atlas, who long has the univerſe bore,
"Grows grievouſly tired of late;
"He ſays that mankind are much worſe than before,
"So he begs to be eas'd of their weight."
Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
From his ſhoulders commanded the ball,
Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the world,
And ſhe hung it up in his hall.

Miſs, pleas'd with the preſent, review'd the globe round,
To ſee what each climate was worth;
Like a di'mond the whole with an atmoſphere bound,
And ſhe variouſly planted the earth:
With ſilver, gold, jewels, ſhe India endow'd;
France and Spain ſhe taught vineyards to rear;
What ſuited each clime on each clime ſhe beſtow'd,
And Freedom ſhe found flouriſh'd here.

Four cardinal virtues ſhe left in this iſle,
As guardians to cheriſh the root;
The bloſſoms of liberty 'gan then to ſmile,
And Engliſhmen fed on the fruit:
Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty, ſo rare,
O preſerve it as free as 'twas given.

We will while we've breath; nay, we'll graſp it in death,
Then return it untainted to heaven.

SONG 124.

In the Oratorio of JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

SEE the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him ſing.

See the godlike youth advance,
Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance;
Myrtle wreaths and roſes twine,
To deck the hero's brow divine.

SONG 125.

A favourite ſong in the CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

IF love's a ſweet paſſion, how can it torment?
If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content!
Since I ſuffer with pleaſure, why ſhould I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, ſince I know 'tis in vain?
Yet ſo pleaſing the pain is, ſo ſoft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

I graſp her hand gently, look languiſhing down,
And by paſſionate ſilence I make my love known:
But, oh! how I'm bleſt when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing miſtake to diſcover her love;
When, in ſtriving to hide, ſhe reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name!

How pleaſing is beauty! how ſweet are her charms!
How kind her embraces! how peaceful her arms!
Sure there's nothing ſo eaſy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on eatth, and by all things above:

And

And to beauty's bright ſtandard all heroes muſt yield;
For 'tis beauty that conquers and keeps the fair field.

SONG 126. HEBE. A PASTORAL.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

WHEN forc'd from dear Hebe to go,
What anguiſh I felt at my heart!
And I thought (but it might not be ſo)
She was ſorry to ſee me depart:
She caſt ſuch a languiſhing view,
My path I could ſcarcely diſcern,
And ſo ſweetly ſhe bad me adieu,
I thought ſhe had bid me return.

Methinks ſhe might like to retire
To the grove I had labour'd to rear;
For whatever I heard her admire,
I haſted and planted it there.
Her voice ſuch a pleaſure conveys,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak, and whatever ſhe ſays,
I'm ſure ſtill to love her the more.

And now, ere I haſte to the plain,
Come, ſhepherds, and ſing of her lays;
I could lay down my life for the ſwain,
That would ſing me a ſong in her praiſe:
While he ſings, may the maids in the town
Come flocking, and liſten the while;
Nor on him let Hebe once frown,
Tho' I cannot allow her to ſmile.

To ſee, when my charmer goes by,
Some hermit peep out of his cell,
How he thinks of his youth, with a ſigh,
How fondly he wiſhes her well!

On

On him ſhe may ſmile, if ſhe pleaſe,
It will warm the cool boſom of age;
Yet ceaſe, gentle Hebe, O ceaſe,
Such ſoftneſs will ruin the ſage.

I've ſtole from no flow'rets that grow,
To paint the dear charms I approve;
For what can a bloſſom beſtow,
So ſweet, ſo engaging as love?
I ſing in a ruſtical way,
A ſhepherd, and one of the throng;
Yet Hebe approves of my lay,
Go, ſhepherds, and envy my ſong.

SONG 127. *In* LOVE *in* a VILLAGE.

'TIS not wealth, it is not birth,
Can value to the ſoul convey:
Minds poſſeſs ſuperior worth,
Which chance nor gives, nor takes away.

Like the ſun true merit ſhows,
By nature warm, by nature bright;
With inbred flames he nobly glows,
Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.

SONG 128.

MUSIC, LOVE *and* WINE.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, *at* Vauxhall.

IF muſic can charm, and if love can invite,
No leſs roſy Bacchus thou giv'ſt me delight;
I love them 'tis true, but my bottle I ſwear,
Is at once my beſt friend and phyſician of care:
But would a gay mortal taſte rapture divine,
Apollo and Venus with Bacchus muſt join,

SONG 129.

A TRIO, *Sung at* VAUXHALL.

CHORUS.

TAKE us in thy roſy train,
lovely health thou queen of joy!
Hence unwelcome care and pain!
What can then our bliſs annoy?
Health to thee our hopes we raiſe,
Court thy pow'r and ſing thy praiſe.

AIR.

Hark! the briſk enliv'ning horn,
Calls to fly o'er hill and dale!
Glad we rouze the ling'ring morn:
Take new life at ev'ry gale:
Rural goddeſs! deign t' appear,
All we wiſh will then be here.

CHORUS.

Rural goddeſs! deign t' appear,
All we wiſh will then be here.

AIR.

What the ſweets of wood and plain,
Fortune's ſmiles, and youth and fame?
Thou not by, they ſhine in vain,
Taſteleſs, all, an empty name:
Rural goddeſs! deign t' appear,
All we wiſh will then be here.

CHORUS.

Rural goddeſs! deign t' appear,
All we wiſh will then be here,

AIR.

AIR.

Sickly reſt we drive away!
Wood-nymphs now, the groves we trace;
Toil ſhall make us briſk and gay,
Wake each charm and blooming grace:
Sickly reſt we drive away,
Toil ſhall make us briſk and gay.

CHORUS.

Take us in thy roſy train,
Lovely health, &c.

SONG 130.

MAY-DAY.

A TRIO, *ſung at* Vauxhall.

CHORUS.

SEE the roſy-finger'd hours,
Call to ev'ry pleaſing care,
Flora decks the way with flow'rs,
Melting muſic fills the air:
Hark! a voice cries, come away!
Taſte the joys of ſprightly May.

AIR.

Now's the bliſsful time to rove,
Where the bubbling waters glide.
Thro' the mead, or ſecret grove,
Each a mate to grace his ſide.
Come and taſte the charms of May,
Love's ſweet joys begin to-day.

CHORUS.

Come away, come away!
Taſte the joys of ſprightly May!

AIR.

Scornful nymphs may love deride,
Dare his will to diſobey;
Soon he laughs at all their pride,
Glad they own his welcome ſway:
Shout ye nymphs and blitheſome ſwains,
Love begins to rule the plains.

CHORUS.

Come away, come away:
Taſte the joys of ſprightly May!

AIR.

Come ye happy, rural throng,
Keep this feſtive month of May,
Sportive dance and merry ſong,
Now ſhall wake and cloſe the day:
Haſte each ſmiling nymph and ſwain,
Love begins his gentle reign!

CHORUS.

Come away, come away!
Taſte the joys of ſprightly May!

SONG 131.

SUMMER.

A TRIO, *ſung at* Vauxhall.

CHORUS.

WELCOME, vernal ſummer here,
Nought but mirth ſhall now appear:
Muſic, dance, and ſong and play,
Wake the morn and crown the day.

AIR.

AIR.

Britain! now with rapture ſmile,
See, what charms adorn thy iſle;
Ceres' gifts are ſcatter'd round,
Flora decks th' enamell'd ground.

CHORUS.

Welcome, &c.

AIR.

Hark! the birds on ev'ry ſpray,
How they chaunt their am'rous lay;
Pleaſure fills each warbling grove,
Ev'ry breath's the breath of love.

CHORUS.

Welcome, &c.

AIR.

Azure ſummer's gaily dreſt,
Waving fields with plenty bleſt;
All conſpire to give us joy,
Let us then the gifts employ.

CHORUS.

Welcome, &c.

SONG 132.

The ROAST BEEF of Old ENGLAND.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
Where ſad deſpair and famine always dwells,
A meagre Frenchman, madame Grandſire's cook,
As home he ſteer'd his carcaſe, that way took;
Bending beneath the weight of fam'd ſir-loin,
On whom in vain he often wiſh'd to dine.
Good father Dominic by chance came by,
With roſy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;
Who when he firſt beheld the greaſy load,
His benediction on it he beſtow'd;
And as the ſolid fat his fingers preſs'd,
He lick'd his chaps, and thus the knight addreſs'd.

AIR.

(A lovely laſs to a friar came, &c.)

O rare roaſt beef! lov'd by all mankind,
If I was doom'd to have thee,
When dreſs'd and garniſh'd to my mind,
And ſwimming in thy gravy,
Not all thy country's force combin'd
Should from my fury ſave thee.

Renown'd ſir-loin, oft times decreed
The theme of Engliſh ballad;
On thee ev'n kings have deign'd to feed,
Unknown to Frenchman's palate:
Then how much doth thy taſte exceed
Soup-meagre, frogs and ſallad!

RECITA-

RECITATIVE.

A half-ſtarv'd ſoldier, ſhirtleſs, pale and lean,
Who ſuch a ſight before had never ſeen,
Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping ſtood,
And gaz'd with wonder on the Britiſh food.
His morning's meſs forſook the friendly bowl,
And in ſmall ſtreams along the pavement ſtole.
He heav'd a ſigh, which gave his heart relief,
And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief.

AIR.

(Foot's Minuet.)

Ah, ſacre dieu! vat do I ſee yonder,
Dat looks ſo tempting red and vite?
Begar it is de roaſt beef from Londre;
O! grant to me van little bite.

But to my guts if you give no heeding,
And cruel fate dis boon denies;
In kind compaſſion unto my pleading,
Return, and let me feaſt my eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
Whoſe brazen front his country did betray,
From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
By honeſt means to gain his daily bread.
Soon as the well-known proſpect he deſcry'd,
In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd,

AIR.

(Ellen a Roon.)

Sweet beef, that now cauſes my ſtomach to riſe,
Sweet beef, that now cauſes my ſtomach to riſe,
So taking thy ſight is,
My joy that ſo light is,
To view thee, by pailfuls runs out of my eyes.

While

While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing.
While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing.
Ah, hard-hearted Loui!
Why did I come to you;
The gallows, more kind, would have ſav'd me from ſtarving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney ſate,
Who ſed his noſe, and ſcratch'd his ruddy pate;
But when Old England's bulwark he eſpy'd,
His dear-lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aſide:
With lifted hand he bleſs'd his native place,
Then ſcrubb'd himſelf, and thus bewail'd his caſe.

AIR.

(The Broom of Cowdenknows.)

How hard, oh! Sawney, is thy lot,
Who was ſo blithe of late,
To ſee ſuch meat as can't be got,
When hunger is ſo great!
O the beef! the bonny bonny beef,
When roaſteſt nice and brown;
I wiſh I had a ſlice of thee,
How ſweet it would gang down.

Ah, Charley! hadſt thou not been ſeen,
This ne'er had happ'd to me;
I would the de'el had pick'd mine ey'n,
Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.
O the beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But, ſee, my muſe to England takes her flight,
Where health and plenty ſocially unite;
Where ſmiling freedom guards great George's throne,
And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known.

Tho'

Tho' Britain's fame in loftieſt ſtrains ſhould ring,
In ruſtic fable give me leave to ſing.

AIR.

As once on a time a young frog, pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
He boaſted his ſize he could quickly attain.
O the roaſt beef of old England,
And O the old Engliſh roaſt beef.

Then eagerly ſtretching his weak little frame,
Mamma, who ſtood by, like a knowing old dame,
Cry'd, "Son, to attempt it you're ſurely to blame."
O the roaſt beef, &c.

But deaf to advice he for glory did thirſt;
An effort he ventur'd more ſtrong than the firſt,
'Till ſwelling and ſtraining too hard, made him burſt.
O the roaſt beef, &c.

Then Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear,
The ox is Old England; the frog is monſieur,
Whoſe puffs and bravadoes we need never fear,
O the roaſt beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
To ſee the ſir-loin ſmoaking hot on our table,
The French may e'en burſt like the frog in the fable,
O the roaſt beef of old England,
And O the old Engliſh roaſt beef.

SONG

SONG 133.

In LOVE in a VILLAGE.

LET gay ones and great
Make the moſt of their fate;
From pleaſure to pleaſure they run:
Well, who cares a jot?
I envy them not,
While I have my dog and my gun.

For exerciſe, air,
To the fields I repair,
With ſpirits unclouded and light:
The bliſſes I find,
No ſtings leave behind,
But health and diverſion unite.

SONG 134. *Sung in the* CHAPLET.

YOU ſay, at your feet that I wept in deſpair,
And vow'd that no angel was ever ſo fair:
How could you believe all the nonſenſe I ſpoke?
What know we of angels?——I meant it in joke.

I next ſtand indicted for ſwearing to love,
And nothing but death ſhould my paſſion remove:
I have lik'd you a twelvemonth, a calendar-year;
And not yet contented!—Have conſcience, my dear

SONG. 135.

THE morning freſh, the ſun in eaſt
New gilds the ſmiling day;
The morning freſh, the ſun in eaſt
New gilds the ſmiling day;

The

The lark forſakes his dewy neſt,
The fields all round are gaily dreſs'd:
Ariſe, my love, and play, and play;
Ariſe, my love, and play.

Come forth, my fair, come forth, bright maid,
And bleſs thy ſhepherd's ſight;
Come forth, &c.
Lend ev'ry folded flow'r thy aid,
Unveil the roſe's bluſhing ſhade,
And give them ſweet delight,
And give, &c.

Thy preſence makes all nature ſmile,
Thoſe ſmiles your charms improve;
Thy preſence, &c.
Thy ſtrains the liſt'ning birds beguile,
And, as invite, reward their toil,
And tune their notes to love,
And tune, &c.

Beneath the fragrant hawthorn-tree,
The flow'rs in wreaths I'll twine;
Beneath the fragrant hawthorn-tree,
The flow'rs in wreaths I'll twine;
E'er other eyes ye beauties ſee,
Then on my brows adorn'd ſhall be;
Thy happy fate be mine, be mine,
Thy happy fate be mine, be mine.

SONG 136.

STREPHON *and* ELIZA.

A CANTATA. *By Mr.* EDMUNDS.

RECITATIVE.

AS thro' yon unfrequented grove I ſtray'd,
Seeking from noontide heat a friendly ſhade,
I ſaw Eliza beautiful and young,
And as the virgin walk'd, theſe ſtrains ſhe ſung.
The feather'd choir attentive kept the ſpray,
And drop'd their notes, to liſten to her lay.

AIR.

Forbear thou tyrant God of hearts,
At my ſoft breaſt, to point thy darts:
Or if my breaſt you would inſpire,
Make Strephon languiſh and admire.

RECITATIVE.

Rous'd by th' name, I from the covert flew,
And as towards the nymph I trembling drew,
Love ſteel'd my heart, the tremblings left my breaſt,
And proſtrate at her feet, I her addreſt.

AIR.

Ah! caſt that anger from thine eyes,
Thy ſwain for pity kneels.——
For pity's ſake oh! bid him riſe,
Ah! think on what he feels.

RECITATIVE.

The nymph indignant, beg'd I would forbear;
But love aſſiſting, I reſum'd my pray'r:

Forgive

Forgive, dear maid, I cried an artleſs ſwain,
Who dies for you, and dares to tell his pain.
Ah quench a flame that prays upon my life,
And deign to be thy faithful Strephon's wife.
The maid leſs angry, turn'd a milder eye.
And cry'd, Ah! Strephon, what ſhall I reply?

AIR.

To hide my paſſion's unavailing,
Well I know you've heard my failing.
But ſay can you prove true?
If you can give to me a heart,
Unconfin'd in ev'ry part,
The ſame I'll give to you.
Eliza doubt me not I cry'd,
If you will deign to be my bride,
I'll ever conſtant prove.
A bluſh approv'd—to church we went.
Eliza's mine—and I'm content,
Poſſeſſing all I love.

SONG 137. *In the* PADLOCK.

IN vain you bid your captive live,
While you the means of life deny;
Give me your ſmiles, your wiſhes give,
To him who muſt without you die.

Shut from the ſun's enliv'ning beam,
Bid flow'rs retain their ſcent and hue;
It's ſource dry'd up, bid flow the ſtream,
And me exiſt, depriv'd of you.

SONG 138.

FILL your glaſſes, baniſh grief,
Laugh, and worldly cares deſpiſe;
Sorrow ne'er can bring relief,
Joy from drinking will ariſe:

Why ſhould we with wrinkled care,
Change what nature made ſo fair?
Drink and ſet your hearts at reſt,
Of a bad bargain make the beſt.

Some purſue the winged wealth,
Some to honour do aſpire,
Give me freedom, give me health,
There's the ſum of my deſire;
What the world can more preſent,
Will not add to my content,
Drink and ſet your mind at reſt,
Peace of mind is always beſt.

Buſy brains we know, alas!
With imaginations run,
Like the ſand in th' hour glaſs,
Turn'd, and turn'd, and ſtill runs on;
Never knowing where to ſtay,
But uneaſy ev'ry way.
Drink and ſet your hearts at reſt,
Peace of mind is always beſt.

Mirth, when mingled with our wine,
Makes the heart alert and free:
Let it rain, or ſnow, or ſhine,
Still the ſame thing 'tis to me;
There's no fence againſt our fate,
Changes daily on us wait,
Drink and ſet your hearts at reſt,
Of a bad bargain make the beſt.

SONG 139.

O Greedy Midas, I've been told,
That what you touch you turn to gold;
O! had I but a pow'r like thine,
I'd turn whate'er I touch to wine.

Each

Each purling ſtream ſhould feel my force,
Each fiſh my fatal power mourn,
And wond'ring at the mighty change,
Should in their native regions burn.

Nor ſhould there any dare t' approach
Unto my mantling ſparkling vine,
But firſt ſhould pay their rites to me,
And ſtile me only God of wine.

SONG 140.

BACCHUS one day, gayly ſtriding
On his never-failing tun,
Sneaking aquapotes deriding,
Thus addreſs'd each toping ſon:
Praiſe the joys that never vary,
And adore the liquid ſhrine;
All things noble, bright and airy,
Are perform'd by gen'rous wine.

Priſtine heroes crown'd with glory,
Owe their noble riſe to me;
Homer wrote the flaming ſtory,
Fir'd by my divinity:
If my influence is wanting,
Muſic's charms but ſlowly move,
Beauty too in vain lies panting,
'Till I fill the ſwain with love.

If you crave eternal pleaſure,
Mortals! this way bend your eyes,
From my ever-flowing treaſure,
Charming ſcenes of bliſs ariſe;
Here's the charming, ſoothing bleſſing,
Sole diſpeller of all pain,
Gloomy ſouls from care releaſing.
He who drinks not, lives in vain.

SONG 141.

In DAPHNE *and* AMINTOR.

VAINLY bent to conquer nature,
We our utmoſt force eſſay;
What can foil her? what can cheat her?
What her ſacred pow'rs allay?

Nothing prudent, there, nor wiſe is;
Nothing ſtable, nothing true;
With ſuperior ſtrength ſhe riſes,
Spite of all that art can do.

SONG 142.

Sung by DIANA, *in* DRYDEN's ſecular MASQUE.

WITH horns and with hounds I awaken the day,
And hie to the wood-land walks away:
I tuck up my robe, and am buſkined ſoon,
And tye to my forehead a waxen moon;
I courſe the fleet ſtag, unkennel the fox,
And chace the wild goats o'er ſummits of rocks;
With ſhooting and hooting we pierce thro' the ſky,
And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.
With ſhooting, &c.

SONG 143.

An ALBION SONG.

IN ſtrains harmonious ſound the lay,
That ſings of Albion's noble race,
Whoſe free-born minds will ne'er decay,
Nor time their glorious deeds deface.

CHORUS.

In valour matchleſs, heavenly brave;
We nobly conquer, mildly ſave;

Nor

Nor dangers fear, nor toils we ſhun,
Honour inſpires each Albion ſon.

In chearful ranks our bands advance,
With warlike ardour, dare the foe;
While haughty Spain and fickle France,
With horror dread th' impending blow.

Our fleets triumphant ride the main,
With Albions mann'd, unknown to fear,
Whoſe fame all nations ſhall proclaim,
By conqueſts gain'd, each warring year.

See Liberty's propitious ſmile,
And Plenty's copious horn o'erflow;
To bleſs and guard our native iſle,
Where artiſts flouriſh, ſcience grow.

Illuſtrious ſons of Albion line,
Who thus in legions firm unite,
Require the all-recording-Nine,
To ſing your deeds and martial might,
In valour, &c.

SONG 144.

In the PADLOCK.

O Wherefore this terrible flurry!
My ſpirits are all in a hurry!
And above, and below,
From my top, to my toe,
Are running about hurry ſcurry.

My heart in my boſom a bumping,
Goes thumping,
And jumping,
And thumping:
Is't a ſpectre I ſee!
Hence, vaniſh——ah me!

My ſenſes deceive me:
Soon reaſon will leave me;
What a wretch am I deſtin'd to be!

SONG 145. *Set by Dr.* ARNE.

ATTEND, all ye fair, and I'll tell you the art
To bind ev'ry fancy with eaſe in your chains,
To hold in ſoft fetters the conjugal heart,
And baniſh from Hymen his doubts and his pains.

Good humour will light up a magical fire;
It ſweetens the voice and impaſſions the kiſs:
The mouth ſweetly ſmiling awakens deſire,
And beauty diſplays each incentive to bliſs.

Ye fair, take the hint which I freely impart:
Neglecting to pleaſe, other efforts are vain:
Exert but good-humour, you'll conqner the heart;
And Love, with the Graces, will dance in your train.

SONG 146. CÆLIA. *A* CANTATA.

RECITATIVE, *accompanied*,

OH! 'tis Elizium all—In beauty dreſt,
To fancy's eye my Cælia ſtood confeſt:
Her glance ſpake exſtacy:—"No more," ſhe cries,
"No more my love ſhall weep and waſte in ſighs.
"Be chearful, Thyrſis, and again adorn
"With lovely mirth thy ſoul for my return;
"And then embrace me."—Oh! 'twas heav'n to hear!
Starting I wake, but find no Cælia near.

AIR.

AIR.

To my lips than nectar ſweeter,
Whereſoe'er I turn my eyes,
Only thee I view, dear creature;
Ev'ry other object dies.
Still thy charming form is playing,
Whether ſoft reclin'd by ſtreams,
Or thro' ſhining crouds I'm ſtraying,
When diſſolv'd in pleaſing dreams.

SONG 147.

The words made to a favourite Scotch *Air, in the* Overture *of* THOMAS and SALLY.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

TO eaſe his heart, and own his flame,
Blithe Jocky to young Jenny came;
But, tho' ſhe lik'd him paſſing weel,
She careleſs turn'd her ſpinning wheel.

Her milk-white hand he did extol,
And prais'd her fingers long and ſmall:
Unuſual joy her heart did feel;
But ſtill ſhe turn'd her ſpinning-wheel.

Then round about her ſlender waiſt
He claſp'd his arms, and her embrac'd;
To kiſs her hand he down did kneel:
But yet ſhe turn'd her ſpinning-wheel.

With gentle voice ſhe bid him riſe!
He b'eſs'd her neck, her lips, and eyes:
Her fondneſs ſhe could ſcarce conceal;
Yet ſtill ſhe turn'd her ſpinning-wheel.

Till, bolder grown, ſo cloſe he preſs'd,
His wanton thought ſhe quickly gueſs'd;
Then puſh'd him from her rock and reel,
And angry turn'd her ſpinning-wheel.

At laſt, when ſhe began to chide,
He ſwore he meant her for his bride:
'Twas then her love ſhe did reveal,
And flung away her ſpinning-wheel.

SONG 148.

The MAID'S ADVICE. *Sung at* Vauxhall.

SHEPHERDS, would ye hope to pleaſe us,
You muſt ev'ry humour try;
Sometimes flatter, ſometimes teaze us,
Sometimes laugh, and ſometimes cry.

Soft denials are but trials
Of the heart we wiſh to gain;
Tho' we're ſhy, and ſeem to fly,
If you purſue, we fly in vain.

SONG 149. *Sung in* COMUS.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

SWEET Echo, ſweeteſt nymph that liv'ſt unſeen
Within thy airy cell.
By ſlow Mæander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her ſad ſong mourneth well;

Canſt thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likeſt thy Narciſſus are?
O! if you have
Hid them in ſome flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,

Sweet

Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the ſphere;
So may'ſt thou be tranſlated to the ſkies,
And give reſounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.

SONG 150.

In the MAID *of the* MILL.

CHORUS.

FREE from ſorrow, free from ſtrife,
Oh how bleſt the miller's life!
Chearful working thro' the day,
Still he laughs and ſings away.
Nought can vex him,
Nought perplex him,
While there's griſt to make him gay.

DUET.

Let the great enjoy the bleſſings
By indulgent fortune ſent.
What can wealth, can grandeur offer,
More than plenty and content?

SONG 151.

In the MAID *of the* MILL.

WHEN you meet a tender creature,
Neat in limb, and fair in feature,
Full of kindneſs and good-nature;
Prove as kind again to ſhe.
Happy mortal! to poſſeſs her,
In your boſom warm and preſs her,
Morning, noon, and night, careſs her,
And be fond as fond can be,

But if one you meet that's froward,
Saucy, jilting, and untoward,
Should you act the whining coward,
'Tis to mend her ne'er the whit.

Nothing's

Nothing's tough enough to bind her;
Then agog when once you find her,
Let her go, and never mind her;
Heart alive, you're fairly quit.

SONG 152. *In the* PADLOCK.

THoughts to council——let me ſee——
Hum——to be, or not to be,
A huſband, is the queſtion.
A cuckold! muſt that follow?
Say what-men will,
Wedlock's a pill,
Bitter to ſwallow,
And hard of digeſtion.

But fear makes the danger ſeem double.
Say, Hymen, what miſchief can trouble
My peace, ſhould I venture to try you?
My doors ſhall be lock'd,
My windows be block'd;
No male in my houſe,
Not ſo much as a mouſe:
Then horns, horns, horns, I defy you.

SONG 153.

CANTATA. *Set by Mr.* STANLEY.

RECITATIVE.

AS Delia, bleſt with e'ery grace,
Invok'd ſoft muſic's needleſs aid,
Completely conquer'd by her face,
Thus gentle Strephon ſmiling ſaid:

AIR.

Where partial nature may deny
The power of beauty's melting glance,

Let

Let tedious labour toil and try
To ſwell the ſong, or form the dance;
But let your charms alone ſuffice,
And truſt the muſic of your eyes.

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who chanc'd to over-hear,
Thus ſpoke as he approach'd more near:
He flatters; do not truſt the ſwain,
But liſten to my honeſt ſtrain.

AIR.

Wonders are told of beauty's pow'r,
Nor faintly warms the tuneful lay;
Your voice and perſon ev'ry hour
By dozens ſteal our hearts away:
Then how trifling is the prize,
Since fops have ears, and fools have eyes!

Ah! lovely nymph, indeed to bliſs,
Select the worthieſt ſwain you've won,
Who, prizing ſound and colour leſs,
Admires you for your ſenſe alone;
Then leave all little arts behind,
And ſtudy to improve the mind.

SONG 154.

The COMPARISON. *Set by Dr.* ARNE.

PARTING to death we will compare;
For ſure, to thoſe who love ſincere,
So dreadful is the pain,
Such doubts, ſuch horrors, tend the mind:
But, Oh! when adverſe fate grows kind,
How ſweet to meet again!

To thoſe try'd hearts, and thoſe alone,
Who have the pangs of abſence known.

The

The bliſsful change is giv'n;
And who——Oh! who, wou'd not endure
The pangs of death, if they were ſure
To reap the joys of heav'n?

SONG 155. *A* CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

MARCUS the young, the noble, and the brave,
To camps inur'd and deeds of arms,
Struck with the force of beauty's charms,
Now falls the fair Lucinda's ſlave.
No more he ſeeks the hoſtile plain,
But to the ſolitary grove
(The ſoft retreat of peace and love)
In gentle murmurs breathes his pain;
And thus, with ſuppliant voice and broken ſighs,
The hero ſu'd the beauty of the ſkies.

AIR.

Teach a young unſkilful lover
Thoſe ſoft arts that charm the fair;
Teach me, Venus, how to move her,
How my raging pain declare.

RECITATIVE.

The goddeſs liſten'd to his pray'r,
She ſaw him languiſh and deſpair;
Then downward thro' the lucid ſkies,
She bade her iv'ry chariot roll,
And, whilſt ſoft pity fill'd her eyes,
Thus ſooth'd the anguiſh of his ſoul.

AIR.

Be pleaſant, be airy, and conſtantly praiſe
The force of her wit, and the charms of her face;
Commend e'ery feature, each beauty diſplay,
With pleaſure ſhe'll liſten to all you can ſay:
Let her humour and taſte be the road you purſue,
And the love of herſelf will inſure her to you.

SONG

SONG 156.

BEHOLD, from many an hoſtile ſhore,
And all the dangers of the main,
Where billows mount, and tempeſts roar,
Your faithful Tom's return'd again;
Returns, and with him brings a heart
That ne'er from Sally ſhall depart.

After long toils and troubles paſt,
How ſweet to tread our native ſoil,
With conqueſt to return at laſt,
And deck our ſweethearts with the ſpoil!
No one to beauty ſhould pretend,
But ſuch as dare its rights defend.

SONG 157.

'TIS Maſonry unites mankind,
To generous actions forms the ſoul;
So ſtrict in union we're conjoin'd,
One ſpirit animates the whole.

CHORUS.

Then let mankind our deeds approve,
Since union, harmony and love,
Shall waft us to the realms above.

Where'er aſpiring domes ariſe,
Wherever ſacred altars ſtand;
Thoſe altars blaze up to the ſkies,
Thoſe domes proclaim the maſon's hand.
Then let, &c.
The ſtone unſhap'd as lumber lies,
Till maſon's art its form refines;
So paſſions do our ſouls diſguiſe,
Till ſocial virtue calms our minds.
Then let, &c.

Let wretches at our manhood rail;
But thoſe who once our judgment prove,
Will own that we, who build ſo well,
With equal energy can love.
Then let, &c.

Tho' ſtill our chief concern and care
Be to deſerve a brother's name;
For ever mindful of the fair,
Their choiceſt favours ſtill we claim.
Then let, &c.

From us pale diſcord long is fled,
With all her train of mortal ſpite,
Nor in our lodge dares ſhew her head,
Sunk in the gloom of endleſs night.
Then let, &c.

My brethren charge your glaſſes high
To our grand maſter's noble name;
Our ſhouts ſhall beat the vaulted ſky.
And ev'ry tongue his praiſe proclaim.
Then let, &c.

SONG 158.

LET maſonry be now my theme,
Throughout the globe to ſpread its fame,
And enternize each worthy brother's name;
Your praiſe ſhall to the ſkies reſound,
In laſting happineſs abound,
And with ſweet union all your deeds, your deeds be crown'd.

CHORUS.

Sing then, my muſe, to maſons glory;
Your names are ſo rever'd in ſtory,
That all th' admiring world do now adore ye.

Let

Let harmony divine inſpire
Your ſouls with love and gen'rous fire,
To copy well wiſe Solomon, your ſire:
Knowledge ſublime ſhall fill each heart
The rules of geometry t'impart,
Whilſt wiſdom, ſtrength, and beauty, crown the glorious art.
Sing then, &c.
Let noble Beaufort's health go round,
In ſwelling cups all care be drown'd,
And hearts united, 'mongſt the craft be found:
May everlaſting ſcenes of joy
His peaceful hours of bliſs employ,
Which Time's all-conqu'ring hand ſhall ne'er, ſhall ne'er deſtroy.
Sing then, &c.

My brethren, thus all cares reſign,
Your hearts let glow with thoughts divine,
And veneration ſhew to Solomon's ſhrine.
Our annual tribute thus we'll pay,
That late poſterity ſhall ſay,
We've crown'd with joy this glorious, happy, happy day.
Sing then, &c.

SONG 159.

BY maſon's art th' aſpiring dome
In various columns ſhall ariſe;
All climates are their native home;
Their godlike actions reach the ſkies.
Heroes and kings revere their name,
While poets ſing their laſting fame.

Great, noble, generous, good, and brave,
Are titles they moſt juſtly claim;

Their deeds ſhall live beyond the grave,
Which ſome unborn ſhall loud proclaim,
Time ſhall their glorious acts inroll,
While love and friendſhip charm the ſoul.

SONG 160.

In the PADLOCK.

HITHER Venus, with your doves;
Hither all ye little loves;
Round me light your wings diſplay,
And bear a lover on his way.

Oh could I but, like Jove of old,
Transform myſelf to ſhow'ry gold,
Or in a Swan my paſſion ſhroud;
Or wrap it in an orient cloud,
What locks what bars ſhould then impede,
Or keep me from my charming maid!

SONG 161.

ON, on, my dear brethren, purſue the good lecture,
And refine on the rules of old architecture;
High honour to Maſons the craft daily brings,
To thoſe brothers of princes, and fellows of kings.

We drove the rude Vandals and Goths off the ſtage,
And reviv'd the old arts of Auguſtus' fam'd age,
And Veſpaſian deſtroy'd the vaſt temple in vain,
Since ſo many now riſe under great Beaufort's reign.

The noble five orders, compos'd with ſuch art,
Shall amaze the ſwift eye, and engage the whole heart;
Proportion, ſweet harmony, gracing the whole,
Gives our work, like the glorious creation, a ſoul.

Then,

Then, maſter, and brethren, preſerve your great name;
This lodge, ſo majeſtic, ſhall purchaſe you fame:
Rever'd it ſhall ſtand till all nature expire,
And it's glories ne'er fade 'till the world is on fire.

See, ſee, behold here what rewards all our toil,
Inſpires our genius, and bids labour ſmile:
To our noble grand-maſter let a bumper be crown'd;
To all maſons a bumper; ſo let it go round.

Again, my lov'd brethren, again let it paſs,
Our ancient firm union cement with a glaſs;
And all the contention 'mong maſons ſhall be,
Who better can work, or who better agree.

SONG 162.

BEHOLD, in a lodge we dear brethren are met,
And in proper order together are ſet;
Our ſecrets to none but ourſelves ſhall be known;
Our actions to none but free maſons be ſhewn.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Let brotherly love be among us reviv'd;
Let's ſtand by our laws, that are wiſely contriv'd;
And then all the glorious creation ſhall ſee,
That none are ſo loving, ſo friendly as we.
Derry down, &c.

The temple, and many a magnificent pile,
E'en buildings now ſtanding within our own iſle;
With wiſdom contriv'd, and with beauty refin'd,
With ſtrength to ſupport, and the building to bind.
Derry down, &c.

Theſe noble grand ſtructures will always proclaim
What honour is due to a Free-maſon's name;

E'en ages to come, when our work they ſhall ſee,
Will ſtrive with each other, like us, to be free.
Derry down, &c.
What tho' ſome, of late, by their ſpleen plainly ſhew,
They fain wou'd deride what they gladly wou'd know;
Let ev'ry true brother theſe vermin deſpiſe,
And the antient grand ſecret keep back from their eyes,
Derry down, &c.

Then, brethren, let's all put our hand to our heart,
And reſolve from true maſonry ne'er to depart:
And when the laſt trumpet on earth ſhall deſcend,
Our lodge will be clos'd, and our ſecret ſhall end.
Derry down, &c.

SONG. 163.

In the PADLOCK.

DEAR heart, what a terrible life I am led,
A dog has a better that's ſhelter'd and fed.
Night and day 'tis de ſame
My pain is dere game:
Me wiſh to de Lord me was dead.

Whate'er's to be done,
Poor black he muſt run;
Mungo here, Mungo dere,
Mungo every where;
Above and below,
Sirrah come, ſirrah go,
Do ſo, and do ſo,
Oh! oh!
Me wiſh to de Lord me was dead.

SONG 164.

COME here, we're all jovial and happy, as hearty
as hearty can be;
No ſorrow or care to perplex us, from trouble we
ever are free;
Give me the gay fellow in life, who ſeldom a dull
thought has known,
That wou'd rather kiſs any man's wife by the one
half, than he'd his own;
Then fill up the glaſſes, dear boys, and make the beſt
uſe of your time,
For believe me, there's nothing ſurpaſſes the joys of
dear women and wine.

Since life is at beſt but a ſpan, 'tis as good to be
merry as not,
We'll happily live while we can, ſorrow brings no-
thing but thought;
We'll rattle away with the laſſes, and crack a gay
flaſk with our friends;
So thus our time merrily paſſes, in taking the world
as God ſends.
Then fill up, &c.

Damn money, 'tis nothing but traſh, we'll be merry
tho' ever ſo poor;
When we have it we cut a great daſh, when it's gone
we ne'er think of it more;
So let me be wealthy or not, my ſpirits are always
the ſame,
Quite baniſhing e'ery dull thought, and happy Dick
Dawſon's my name.
Then fill up, &c.

SONG 165.

WOMAN.

A BALLAD. *Sung at* VAUXHALL.

NO longer let whimſical ſongſters compare
The merits of wine with the charms of the fair;
I appeal to the men to determine between
A tun-belly'd Bacchus and beauty's fair queen.

The pleaſures of drinking henceforth I reſign;
For tho' there is mirth, yet there's madneſs in wine:
Then let not falſe ſparkles our ſenſes beguile;
'Tis the mention of Chloe that makes the glaſs ſmile.

Her beauties with rapture my ſenſes inſpire,
And the more I behold her, the more I admire!
But the charms of her temper and mind I adore;
Theſe virtues ſhall bleſs me when beauty's no more.

How happy our days when with love we engage!
'Tis the tranſport of youth; 'tis the comfort of age:
But what are the joys of the bottle, or bowl?
Wine tickles the taſte, love enraptures the ſoul!

A ſot as he riots in liquor, will cry,
'The longer I drink, the more thirſty am I.'
From this fair confeſſion, 'tis plain, my good friend,
You're a toper eternal, and drink to no end.

Your big-belly'd bottle may raviſh your eye,
But how fooliſh you'll look when your bottle is dry!
From woman, dear woman, ſweet pleaſure muſt ſpring;
Nay, the Stoics muſt own it—ſhe is the beſt thing.

Yet ſome praiſes to wine we may juſtly afford;
For a time it will make one as great as a lord:

But

But woman, for ever, give tranſport to man,
And I'll ſtand by the ladies—as long as I can.

SONG 166. *A* MEDLEY.

Tune, A Cobler there was, &c.

YE ſons of the bottle, attend to my muſe,
Who boldly have ventur'd her ſubjects to chooſe
From Horgarth's keen pencil, which juſtly diſplays
The foibles frail man ev'ry moment betrays.
Derry down, &c.
Old Time on the clock had proclaim'd the laſt hour,
When Bacchus began to exhibit his power;
Poor Reaſon was forc'd to take flight from the room,
And leave Noiſe and Folly their reign to aſſume
Derry down, &c.

A SOLDIER *and a* SAILOR, &c.

The captain and phyſician,
Were got in ſtrange diviſion,
Which had the greateſt ſkill, Sir,
And who the moſt did kill, Sir,
When thus began their fray;
At length ſo high it roſe, Sir,
From words they fell to blows, Sir,
And ſoon the fierce cockade, Sir,
Upon the floor was laid, Sir,
The doctor gain'd the day.

RELIGION'S a POLITIC LAW, &c.

A ruby-fac'd ſon of the church,
Who thought all religion a hum,
Had left his poor flock in the lurch,
To tip the glaſs over his thumb:
The Patriarchs (ſaid he) thought no ſhame,
With women and wine to be bleſt;

Them

Then why ſhould not he do the ſame?
So merrily drank to the beſt.

The Ass.

The lawyer ſo arch, with his wig plac'd awry,
On noddle well fronted with braſs,
Grins, ſtammers and hiccups, and cocking his eye,
Thus makes of his client an aſs:
" The caſe you have told, to be ſure is as clear,
" As the wine that now ſmiles in this glaſs;
" But 'zounds! right or wrong, Sir, you need not to
" fear,
" I'd prove that an horſe is an aſs."

The Magpie.

The juſtice more wiſe
Who Bacchus defies,
Sate ſoberly ſoaking his clay;
From Nelſon and Coke,
He oftentimes ſpoke,
Then cordially whiff'd it away.

The Yorkshire Ballad.

Sir Politick having fix'd all for the beſt,
The ballance of power ſoon lull'd him to reſt.
The beau his weak nerves by caſcading confeſs'd,
With a down, down, down, &c.

Give us Glasses, my Wench, &c.

To drive away care,
And baniſh deſpair,
Thus mortals purſue a wrong courſe:
The cure they propoſe,
Too oftentimes grows,
Than e'en the diſeaſe itſelf worſe.

The

The mirror held up
Will ſhew in the cup,
Thoſe ills which make nature decay;
Let reaſon once more
Your ſenſes reſtore,
And happily live while you may.

SONG 167.

In the PADLOCK.

WHEN a woman's front is wrinkled,
And her hairs are ſprinkled
With grey,
Lackaday!
How her lovers fall away!

Like faſhions paſt,
Aſide ſhe's caſt,
No one reſpect will pay,
Remember,
Laſſies, remember,
And while the ſun ſhines make hay;
You muſt not expect in December,
The flowers you gather'd in May.

SONG 168.

In the MAID *of the* MILL.

I Am young, and I am friendleſs,
And poor, alas! withal;
Sure my ſorrows will be endleſs,
In vain for help I call.

Have ſome pity in your nature,
To relieve a wretched creature,
Though the gift be e'er ſo ſmall.

May

May you poſſeſſing ev'ry bleſſing
Still inherit, Sir, all you merit, Sir,
And never know what it is to want:
Sweet Heaven, your worſhip all happineſs grant.

SONG 169.

In the MAID *of the* MILL.

LORD! Sir, you ſeem mighty uneaſy,
But I the refuſal can bear;
I warrant I ſhall not run crazy,
Nor die, in a fit of deſpair.

If ſo you ſuppoſe, you're miſtaken;
For, Sir, for to let you to know,
I'm not ſuch a maiden forſaken,
But I have two ſtrings to my bow.

SONG 170.

In the OPERA *of* ELIZA.

WHO'D know the ſweets of liberty?
'Tis to climb the mountain's brow;
Thence to diſcern rough induſtry
At the harrow or the plow:
'Tis where my ſons their crops have ſown,
Calling the harveſt all their own.

'Tis where the heart to truth ally'd,
Never felt unmanly fear;
'Tis where the eye, with milder pride,
Nobly ſheds ſweet pity's tear,
Such as Britannia yet ſhall ſee!
Theſe are the ſweets of liberty.

SONG 171.

A Hunting Song, ſung at RICHMOND.

Set by Mr. HOOK.

COME rouze, brother ſportſmen, the hunters all cry,
We've got a good ſcent and a fav'ring ſky;
The horn's ſprightly notes, and the lark's early ſong,
Will chide the dull ſportſmen for ſleeping ſo long:

Bright Phæbus has ſhewn us the glimpſe of his face,
Peep'd in at our windows and call'd to the chace;
He ſoon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
And makes the fields bluſh with the beams of his ray.

Sweet Molly may teaze you, perhaps, to lie down,
And if you refuſe her, perhaps ſhe may frown;
But tell her that love muſt to hunting give place,
For as well as her charms there are charms in the chace,

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard, I ſpy,
At his bruſh nimbly follow briſk Chanter and Fly;
They ſeize on their prey, ſee his eye-balls they roll,
We're in at the death—now let's home to the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glaſſes, and toaſt to the king,
From a bumper freſh loyalty ever will ſpring,
To George—peace and glory may heaven diſpenſe,
And fox-hunters flouriſh a thouſand years hence.

SONG 172.

The JEST.

Sung at RICHMOND THEATRE. *Set by Mr.* HOOK.

YOUNG Jenny, the blitheſt that dwelt on the plain,
Or tript it each morn on the green;
Unwounded around her there ſcarce liv'd a ſwain,
So winning, ſo graceful her mien:

In vain did each ſhepherd his paſſion declare,
In vain did they pray and proteſt;
For oft when they breath'd out their anguiſh—the fair
Reply'd that all love was a jeſt.

Till Jockey, a youth that could die and adore,
In language averſe to his heart;
Who'd prove falſe and inconſtant as oft as he ſwore,
So perfectly ſkill'd in the art;
With ſoft proteſtations approach'd the coy maid,
And ſighing his paſſion expreſt;
But ſhe yet unmov'd by ought that he ſaid,
Reply'd that all love was a jeſt.

Dear Jenny, return'd he, my vows are ſincere,
Nay read but my love in my eyes;
The arrows of Cupid are ſtrangely ſevere,
Then do not his godhead deſpiſe:
He told her beſides, at her feet he could die,
With all that his art could ſuggeſt;
At which the young ſhepherdeſs, mov'd with a ſigh,
Cry'd, Jockey—and do you not jeſt?

Quite conquer'd at laſt, ſhe could triumph no more,
But yielded herſelf to the ſwain;
Not doubting her lover would always adore,
The charms he had labour'd to gain.

Severe

Severe were the arrows of Cupid, (too true)
She now felt the wound in her breaſt;
When forth from the damſel the run-away flew,
With a—faith I but meant it in jeſt.

SONG 173.

Sung by Mr. SHUTER, *in the* MAID *of the* MILL.

TO ſpeak my mind of womankind,
In one word 'tis this,
By nature they're deſign'd
To ſay and do amiſs.

Be they maids, be they wives,
Alike they plague our lives;
Wanton, headſtrong, cunning, vain,
Born to cheat, and give men pain.

Their ſtudy, day and night,
Is miſchief, their delight;
And if we ſhould prevent
At one door the intent,
They quickly turn about,
And find another out.

SONG 174.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

BEHOLD the ſweet flowers around,
With all the bright beauties they wear;
Yet none on the plains can be found,
So lovely, ſo lovely, as Celia is fair,
So lovely as Celia is fair:
Ye warblers, come raiſe your ſweet throats,
No longer in ſilence remain,

No longer in ſilence remain,
Oh! lend a fond lover your notes,
To ſoften, to ſoften my Celia's diſdain,
To ſoften my Celia's diſdain.

Oft times in yon flowery vale
I breathe my complaints in a ſong,
Fair Flora attends the ſad tale,
And ſweetens, and ſweetens the borders along.
And ſweetens the borders along.

But Celia, whoſe breath might perfume
The boſom of Flora in May,
The boſom of Flora in May,
Still frowning, pronounces my doom,
Regardneſs, regardleſs of all I can ſay,
Regardleſs of all I can ſay.

SONG 175.

Sung in the MAID *of the* MILL.

IF that's all you want, who the plague will be ſorry?
'Twere better by half to dig ſtones in a quarry;
For my ſhare, I am weary of what is got by't:
S'fleſh! here's ſuch a racket, ſuch ſcolding and coiling,
You're never content, but when folks are a toiling,
And drudging like horſes from morning till night.

You think I'm afraid, but the diff'rence to ſhew you,
Firſt, yonder's your ſhovel, your ſacks too I throw you;
Henceforward, take care of your matters who will:
They're welcome to ſlave for your wages that need 'em,
Tol lol derol lol, I have purchas'd my freedom,
And never hereafter ſhall work at the mill.

SONG

SONG 176. *Set by Mr.* WORGAN.

YE fair, who ſhine thro' Britain's iſle,
And triumph o'er the heart;
For once attentive be a while
To what I now impart.
Would you obtain the youth you love,
The precepts of a friend approve,
And learn the way to keep him.

As ſoon as nature has decreed
The bloom of eighteen years,
And Iſabel from ſchool is freed,
Then beauty's force appears;
The youthful blood begins to flow,
She hopes for man, and longs to know
The ſureſt way to keep him.

When firſt the pleaſing pain is felt
Within the lover's breaſt;
And you by ſtrange perſuaſion melt,
Each wiſhing to be bleſt;
Be not too bold nor yet too coy,
With prudence lure the happy boy,
And that's the way to keep him.

At court, at ball, at park or play,
Aſſume a modeſt pride;
And, leſt your tongue your mind betray,
In fewer words confide:
The maid, who thinks to gain a mate
By giddy chat, will find too late,
That's not the way to keep him.

In dreſſing ne'er the hours kill,
That bane to all the ſex;

Nor let the arts of dear Spadille
  Your innocence perplex.
Be always decent as a bride;
By virtuous rules your reaſon guide;
  For that's the way to keep him.

But when the nuptial knot is faſt,
  And both its bleſſings ſhare,
To make thoſe joys for ever laſt,
  Of jealouſy beware:
His love with kind compliance meet:
Let conſtancy the work complete,
  And you'll be ſure to keep him.

SONG 177.

An ODE *for the* LORD-MAYOR'S DAY.

RECITATIVE.

BRITONS, attend; I ſing, in merry lay,
The feats atchiev'd upon a Lord-Mayor's day:
What ſurfeits caught, what feeding when they dine;
What ſober citizens get drunk by nine;
What fights are ſeen; what rattling, fuſs and noiſe,
Of coaches, carts, men, women, girls, and boys,
Who ſtreets, bulks, windows, tops of houſes throng,
To view his lordſhip paſs in ſtate along.

AIR.

(Oh! London *is a fine town,* &c.)

Oh! Lord-Mayor's ſhow, ſo brave and gay, does
  honour to the city;
And old and young, and rich and poor, muſt own
  'tis vaſtly pretty,
To ſee the gilded coach and ſix, and man in armour
  ride,

In

In pomp and ſplendor, from Guildhall, unto the water-ſide.
And when, in barges cloſely pent, ſuch plenty of good cheer,
What pity 'tis ſo fine a ſight ſhould come but once a year!
Oh! Lord-Mayor's ſhow, ſo brave, &c.

RECITATIVE.

The buſtle o'er, the cavalcade gone by,
The mob diſpers'd, to dinner's all the cry.
With haſten'd ſteps, as keeneſt hunger calls,
The ſtarv'd mechanics ſeek their diff'rent halls;
At the full-groaning board each takes his ſeat,
With brandiſh'd knife and fork, prepar'd to eat.

AIR.

(Ghoſts of every occupation, &c.)

Cits of ev'ry occupation,
Ev'ry age and ev'ry ſtation,
Parſons, juſtices of quorum,
All with napkins tuck'd before 'em,
Preſs to have their plates fill'd firſt.
With the victuals here ſuch work is,
Snatching turtles, geeſe and turkies,
Hares with puddings in their bellies,
Cheeſecakes, cuſtards, tarts and jellies:
Bawling, ſwearing,
Cutting, tearing,
Sweating, puffing,
Licking, ſtuffing,
Juſt as if they all would burſt.

RECITATIVE.

Their proweſs now in eating having prov'd,
The diſhes empty'd, and the cloth remov'd;
Again the table ſmiles with wine and ale,
And toaſts and bumpers ev'ry where prevail;

Some

Some talk, ſome laugh, ſome ſmoak, ſome ſnoring lie,
And ſome with jovial ſongs old care defy.

AIR.

(Come hither, my Country 'Squire, &c.)

Come fill the glaſs to the brink;
Briſk wine ſoon away ſorrow drives:
Like cowards ne'er ſhrink, but valiantly drink
Confuſion to bailiffs and wives.

CHORUS.

Such ſoaking, ſuch ſmoaking and joaking,
Such guzzling here you ſee;
The buck and furr'd gown together ſit down,
And all are good company.

To enjoy life while we may,
I'll prove from the Scripture, is right;
Old Lot us'd, they ſay, to fuddle all day,
And lie with his doxy at night.

CHORUS.

Such ſoaking, ſuch ſmoaking and joking, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But ſoon the luſcious grape too potent grows;
Mirth and good humour turn to words and blows;
Now rogue and cuckold through the hall reſound,
And wigs, and canes, and cravats ſtrew the ground;
Till bright Aurora rears her roſy head,
And bids the noiſy crew reel home to bed.

AIR.

(There was a joval beggar, &c.)

Let heroes both by land and ſea,
Their deeds in battle boaſt;
They only fame acquire now,
Who eat and drink the moſt.
Then a guttling we will go, will go, will go
Then a guttling we will go.

In

In ſtory we are told of one,
An ox ſlew with his fiſt;
Then at a meal he eat him up;
Gods! what a glorious twiſt!
Then a guttling, &c.

If then good eating's ſo renown'd,
Be this each Briton's pray'r,
" God bleſs the court of aldermen,
" The ſheriffs and Lord-Mayor,
" When a guttling they do go, do go, do go,
" When a guttling they do go."

SONG 178.

The FEMALE PHAETON.

Set by Dr. ARNE. *Sung at* Vauxhall.

FAIR Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Beſpoke the fair from whence ſhe ſprung,
With little rage inflam'd:
Inflam'd with rage and ſad reſtraint,
Which wiſe mamma ordain'd,
And ſorely vexed to play the ſaint,
While wit and beauty reign'd.
And ſorely vex'd, &c.

Muſt lady Jenny friſk about
And viſit with her couſins?
At balls muſt ſhe make all the route,
And bring home hearts by dozens?
What has ſhe better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boaſt,
That all mankind for her ſhould die,
While I am ſcarce a toaſt?
While I am, &c.

Dear

Dear, dear mamma, for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try;
I'll have my earl as well as ſhe,
Or know the reaſon why.
Fond love prevail'd, mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart's deſire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And ſet the world on fire.
And ſet the world on fire.
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And ſet the world on fire.

SONG 179.

AWFUL hero, Marlbro', riſe!
Sleepy charms I come to break:
Hither turn thy languid eyes;
Lo! thy genius calls, awake!

Well ſurvey this faithful plan,
Which records thy life's great ſtory:
'Tis a ſhort, but crouded ſpan,
Full of triumphs, full of glory.

One by one thy deeds review;
Sieges, battles thick appear;
Former wonder loſt in new,
Greatly fill each pompous year.

This is Blenheim's crimſon field,
Wet with gore, with ſlaughter ſtain'd!
Here retiring ſquadrons yield,
And a bloodleſs wreath is gain'd.

Ponder in thy god-like mind
All the wonders thou haſt wrought;
Tyrants from their pride declin'd,
Be the ſubject of thy thought.

Reſt

Reſt thee here, while life may laſt:
Tho' utmoſt bliſs to man allow'd,
Is to trace his actions paſt,
And to find 'em great and good.

But 'tis gone—O mortal born!
Swift the fading ſcenes remove—
Let 'em paſs with noble ſcorn:
Thine are worlds which roll above.

Poets, prophets, heroes, kings,
Pleas'd, thy ripe approach foreſee;
Men who acted wond'rous things,
Tho' they yield in fame to thee.

Foremoſt in the patriot band,
Shining with diſtinguiſh'd day,
See thy friend Godolphin ſtand!
See! he beckons thee away.

Yonder ſeats, and fields of light,
Let thy raviſht thoughts explore:
Wiſhing, panting for thy flight
Half an angel, man no more.

SONG 180.

A Buck's Song.—Tune, Tantara, rara, maſks all.

BRother bucks, all attend to the theme I ſhall ſing;
And chorus ſo loud make the cieling to ring,
From thence to the ſkies let your voices reſound,
While each heart glows with mirth, and the bumpers go round.
Sing tantara, rara, bucks all.

But firſt to our grand let us due homage pay,
And may each grateful buck his lov'd edict obey;
May

May his breaſt, fraught with candour, be open and free,
And may all his high ſtation be as honeſt he.
Sing, &c.

From ſacred records our ſanction we trace,
Of old Nimrod the buck, who was fond of the chace.
But ſince that our order's ſo general become,
Bucks are ev'ry where made both abroad and at home.
Sing, &c.

Now to bucks of all ſects in a health let us join,
Here's the bucks of the Bell, and the bucks of the Vine,
Here's the lodge at the Platter, and likewiſe to thoſe
Of our order ſo true, at the Sun and the Roſe.
Sing, &c.

Let him therefore who rails at our high appellation,
Whate'er be his worth, or whatever his ſtation,
Weigh maturely the point, and pray hard for good luck,
Or 'tis twenty to one but incog, he's a buck.
Sing, &c.

Here's the politic buck, whoſe high antlers well tipp'd,
Shakes his purſe at the world, while his doe's fairly leap'd:
Here's a glaſs of condolance to each plodding cit
That's familiarly buck'd by a lord or a wit.
Sing, &c.

Here's Sir Gravity too, in a bumper ſo clear,
Who oft at our ſanction caſt many a ſneer,
Tho' in public he rolls, yet in private we know
He's a buck ev'ry inch—I appeal to his doe.
Sing, &c.

Now

Now to bucks of all kinds we have toaſted ſucceſs;
Here's the ſweet pretty does, for can true bucks do
leſs?
Come join then in chorus, with accents ſo ſhrill,
And may each jolly buck—have a doe at his will.
Sing tantara, &c.

SONG 182.

HARK, hark ye, how echoes the horn in the
vale,
Whoſe notes do ſo ſportingly dance on the gale,
To charm us to barter, for ignoble reſt,
The joys which true pleaſure can raiſe in the breaſt:
The morning is fair, and in labour with day,
And the cry of the huntſman is Hark, hark, away:
Then wherefore defer we, one moment, our joys?
Haſte, haſte, let's away, ſo to horſe, my brave boys.

What pleaſure can equal the joys of the chace,
Where meaner delights to more noble give place?
While onward we preſs, and each ſorrow defy,
From valley to valley re-echoes the cry:
Our joys are all ſterling, no ſorrow we fear,
We bound o'er the lawn, and look back on old Care;
Forgetful of labour, we leap o'er the mounds,
Led on by the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

SONG 183.

In the MAID *of the* MILL.

TRUST me, would you taſte true pleaſure,
Without mixture, without meaſure,
No where ſhall you find the treaſure,
Sure as in the Sylvan ſcene:

Bleſt, who, no falſe glare requiring,
Nature's rural ſweets admiring,
Can, from groſſer joys retiring,
Seek the ſimple and ſerene.

SONG 184.

Sung at VAUXHALL. *Set by Mr.* YATES.

WHEN Fanny to woman is growing a pace,
The roſe-bud beginning to blow on her face;
For mamma's wiſe precepts ſhe cares not a jot,
Her heart pants for ſomething, but cannot tell what.

No ſooner the wanton her freedom obtains,
Then, among the gay youths, a tyrant ſhe reigns;
And finding her beauty ſuch power has got,
Her heart pants for ſomething, but cannot tell what.

Tho' all day in ſplendor ſhe flaunts it about,
At court, park, and play, the ridotto, and rout;
Tho' flatter'd, and envy'd, yet pines at her lot,
Her heart pants for ſomething, but cannot tell what.

A touch of the hand, or a glance of the eye,
From him ſhe likes beſt, makes her ready to die;
Not knowing 'tis Cupid his arrow has ſhot,
Her heart pants for ſomething, but cannot tell what.

Ye fair, take advice, and be bleſt while you may;
Each look, word, and action, your wiſhes betray;
Give eaſe to the heart by the conjugal knot,
Tho' they pant e'er ſo much, you'll ſoon know for what.

SONG

SONG 185.

Cantata. LYDIA *from* SAPHO. *Set by Dr.* Arne.

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

BENEATH this ſad and ſilent gloom,
I waſte in ſighs my youthful bloom;
But not the ſhades that baniſh day,
Drive Lydia's bright form away.

Her eaſy ſhape, her lovely mien,
Th' attractive ſmile of beauty's queen,
Her ſparkling eyes, her flowing hair,
A wit ſo ſmart, ſo ſoft an air,
The ſpightful gods contriv'd for ruin,
And deck'd her thus for my undoing.

AIR.

Lovely maid, all charms adorning,
Born to give ſupreme delight,
Fairer than the roſy morning,
Or the ſilver queen of night,
Why ungrateful doſt thou leave me?
Stay, thou cruel fair-one! ſtay:
Death attends, if thou deceive me—
Lydia; why ſo far away?

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

I dream, or her unequall'd charms
Are folded in my rival's arms:
See! ſhe claſps the happy boy.
Anguiſh waſte,
Light'ning blaſt,
Tortures rend him,
Death attend him,
Ere he taſte the riſing joy!

RECITATIVE.

No—let him triumph, let him prize
The faithleſs wretch whom I deſpiſe.

AIR.

Wander, Lydia—ſo will I,
And to nobler conqueſts fly:
Roving, ranging,
Ever changing,
Gay and airy,
Born to vary,
Soon the treach'rous fair ſhall ſee
I can be falſe as well as ſhe.

SONG 186.

CANTATA. *Sung at* VAUXHALL.

RECITATIVE.

FAR northward as the Dane extends his ſway,
Where the ſun glances but a ſloping ray,
Beneath the thicket of a ſhady grove,
Cleonicus petition'd thus to Jove.

AIR.

Where, Jove, ſhall I a fair one find,
With ev'ry beauty grac'd;
To pleaſe a fond deſiring mind,
And ſuit an am'rous taſte?

RECITATIVE.

Indulgent Jove the ſwain's petition heard,
And thus, in ſtrains harmonious, anſwer made:

AIR.

If you would with beauty meet,
Love inſpiring, ſparkling wit;
To Britain's happy iſle remove,
The ſeat of beauty, and of love.

SONG

SONG 187.

Sung by Mr. Gilſon, *at* Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Yates.

YE virgins, attend,
Believe me your friend,
And with prudence adhere to my plan;
Ne'er let it be ſaid,
There goes an Old Maid,
But get married as faſt as you can.

As ſoon as you find
Your hearts are inclin'd
To be quick at the ſight of a man;
Then chooſe out a youth
Of honour and truth,
And get married as faſt as you can.

For age, like a cloud,
Your charms ſoon will ſhroud,
And this whimſical life's but a ſpan;
Then, maids, make your hay
While Sol darts his ray,
And get married as faſt as you can.

The treacherous rake
Will artfully take
Every method poor girls to trepan;
But baffle their ſnare,
Make virtue your care,
And get married as faſt as you can.

And when Hymen's bands
Have join'd both your hands,
The bright flame ſtill continue to fan;
Ne'er harbour the ſtings
That jealouſy brings;
But be conſtant, and bleſt while you can.

SONG 188.

Sung by Miſs HALLAM *in the* MAID *of the* MILL.

WITH the man that I love, was I deſtin'd to dwell,
On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell;
Retreats the moſt barren, moſt deſert would be
More pleaſing than courts or a palace to me.
Let the vain and the venal, in wedlock aſpire
To what folly eſteems, and the vulgar admire!
I yield them the bliſs, where their wiſhes are plac'd
Inſenſible creatures! 'tis all they can taſte.

SONG 189.

The PADLOCK. *Set by Dr.* ARNE.

MISS Danae, when fair and young,
(As Horace has divinely ſung)
Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
By doors of ſteel, and walls of braſs:

Tell us, myſterious huſband, tell us
Why ſo myſterious, why ſo jealous?
Can harſh reſtraint, the bolt, the bar,
Make thee ſecure, thy wife leſs fair?

Send her abroad, and let her ſee
That all this world of pageantry,
Which ſhe, forbidden, longs to know,
Is powder, pocket-glaſs, and beau.

Be to her virtues ever kind,
Be to her faults a little blind,
Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your Padlock—on her mind.

SONG 190. *The* RAPTURE.

WHILE on thy ſoft boſom lying,
Celia who can ſpeak my bliſs;

Who

Who the raptures I'm enjoying
When thy balmy lips I kiſs!
Look not ſo divinely on me,
Celia, I ſhall die with bliſs,
Yet turn, ah turn, thine eyes upon me,
Who'd not die a death like this?

Thus diſſolv'd in love's ſoft languiſh,
Feel my heart with raptures beat,
Pleaſure turns almoſt to anguiſh,
When the tranſports are ſo great.
Every look with love inſpires me,
Every touch my boſom warms,
Every melting murmur fires me,
Every joy is in thy arms.

SONG 191.

In the Serenata *of* SOLOMON.

Set by Dr. BOYCE.

TOGETHER let us range the fields
Impearled with the morning dew,
Or view the fruit the vineyard yields,
Or the apple's cluſt'ring bough;-
There, in cloſe-embowered ſhades,
Impervious to the noon tide ray,
By tinkling rills, on roſy beds,
We'll love the ſultry hours away.

SONG 192.

Sung at SADLER'S-WELLS.

WHAT a blockhead is he that's afraid to die poor!
We came into the world with our ſkins, and no more:
So the matter is plain, he that worſhips his pelf,
Is a thief to mankind, and a dupe to himſelf.
I'll have women and wine, I'll have horſes and hounds,
And my taſte in all ſhapes ſhall be rul'd by no bounds:
For the matter is plain, &c. 'Tis

'Tis a ſmatch of them all muſt afford the true joy,
In an olio of ſports that the heart cannot cloy:
For the matter is plain, &c.

If a miſer you prove, the whole world wiſh you dead,
And your wife and your ſon pluck the prop from your head,
So the matter is plain, &c.

Let me live then thro' life, well-belov'd and at eaſe,
My caſh ſhall provide me whatever I pleaſe:
For the matter is plain, he that worſhips his pelf,
Is a thief to mankind, and a dupe to himſelf.

SONG 193.

Sung in the MAID *of the* MILL.

OH what a ſimpleton was I,
To make my bed at ſuch a rate!
Now lay thee down, vain fool, and cry,
Thy true-love ſeeks another mate.
No tears, alack!
Will call him back,
No tender words his heart allure;
I could bite
My tongue thro' ſpite——
Some plague bewitch'd me, that's for ſure.

SONG 194.

Sung at SADLERS-WELLS.

YOU'VE ſure forgot, dear Mother mine,
When you was once as blithe as me;
When vows were offer'd at your ſhrine,
And lovers dropt on bended knee:
When you cou'd ſing, and dance, and play;
Alas! December treads on May.

Be-

Behold dame Nature's fav'rite blow,
The rich jonquil, the bluſhing roſe,
How ſhort a date their beauties know,
Surrounded by a thouſand foes;
'Till time decrees their full decay,
And harſh December treads on May.

The whole creation owns this truth;
Then why ſhould wrinkled brows exact
The mode, ſevere on blooming youth,
By which themſelves cou'd never act?
The blood that's warm will have its way,
Too ſoon December treads on May.

Then, ſwains, with tabor, pipe, and glee,
Let's, whilſt we're here, grim care deride;
Come ſport and frolic free with me,
In ſpite of age, and prudiſh pride:
The laws of love—all ſhould obey,
Before December treads on May.

SONG 195.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, *in the* JOVIAL CREW.

I Made love to Kate,
Long I ſigh'd for ſhe,
Till I heard of late,
She'd a mind for me:
I met her on the green,
In her beſt array;
So pretty ſhe did ſeem,
She ſtole my heart away.
Oh! then we kiſs'd and preſs'd; were we much to blame?
Had you been in my place, you'd have done the ſame.

As I fonder grew,
She began to prate,

Quoth

Quoth ſhe——I'll marry you,
And you ſhall marry Kate:
But then I laugh'd, and ſwore,
I lov'd her more than ſo;
Ty'd each to a rope's end
Is tugging to and fro.

Again we kiſs'd and preſs'd; were we much to blame?
Had you been in my place, you'd have done the ſame.

Then ſhe ſigh'd, and ſaid,
She was wond'rous ſick,
Dicky Katy led,
Katy ſhe led Dick:
Long we toy'd and play'd
Under yonder oak,
Katy loſt the game,
Tho' ſhe play'd in joke;
For there we did, alas! what I dare not name;
Had you been in my place, you'd have done the ſame.

SONG 196.

YE bucks, far and near, to my ſonnet give ear,
And quit the dull trouble of thinking;
The ſage, long ago, ſaid, that nothing he knew,
Poor ſoul, was unſtudy'd in drinking.
Dull mumbling of Plato,
Or grumbling with Cato,
Diſpaſſionate ſtoics will make us;
But the men truly wiſe,
Such pedants deſpiſe,
And attend on the lectures of Bacchus.

With full wings, in fine coach, ſee the doctors approach,
And muſcular mould up their faces,
Grave ſmell on the cane, apply finger to vein,
And count the ſlow pulſe by grimaces.

Their

Their fees firſt receive,
Their opinions then give,
With potions and motions, they'll quack us;
Their preſcriptions may drain,
But we'll fill up each vein
By the nouriſhing noſtrums of Bacchus.

By ſycophant ſtate, ſee the meaneſt made great,
Spite of plain dealing merit endeavours,
That jilt, madam Fortune, is hoodwink'd moſt certain,
And ſcatters at random her favours.
Come lads of true ſpirit,
Pay courtſhip to claret,
That power the greateſt will make us:
Can penſion, or pope,
No, nor ribband, or rope,
Lift us up like the bounties of Bacchus?

Ye lads, when you need, with the fair to ſucceed,
With bumpers begin your love's trial;
It emboldens the mind, in the lady you'll find
'Twill drown all the force of denial.
Drink, drink, in your prime,
Toſs a bottle to Time,
He'll not make ſuch haſte to o'ertake us;
Our decay we prevent,
His wounds we cement,
By the ſtyptical balſam of Bacchus.

Nem. con. let us join in the praiſe of good wine,
Whilſt miſers 'midſt millions dread dying,
Whilſt lovers are mourning, and ladies are ſcorning,
We're love and death equal defying.
Obſerve tho' the toaſt,
Leſt our liquor be loſt,
And death 'midſt a bottle o'ertake us;

To be even with him,
Fill each glaſs to the brim,
For we'll die with a bumper of Bacchus.

SONG 197.

HARK! hark! the joy-inſpiring horn,
Salutes the roſy riſing morn,
And echoes thro' the dale;
With clam'rous peals the hills reſound,
The hounds quick-ſcented ſcow'r the ground,
And ſnuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gales nor ſledges can impede
The briſk, high-mettl'd, ſtarting ſteed,
The jovial pack purſue;
Like light'ning darting o'er the plains,
The diſtant hills with ſpeed he gains,
And ſees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare foreſakes,
And to the copſe for ſhelter makes,
There pants a while for breath;
When now the noiſe alarms her ear,
Her haunt's deſcry'd, her fate is near,
She ſees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,
The hounds their trembling victim ſeize,
The faints, ſhe falls, ſhe dies:
The diſtant courſers now come in,
And join the loud triumphant din,
Till Echo rends the ſkies.

SONG 198.

WHAT a noiſe has there been, what a great conſternation,
About the ſtate jockeys, that jockey the nation!
The in's and the out's, up's and down's, a mere race is;
And all, jockey like, flog to get the beſt places:
And he that, flung off, in his fall does harangue, ſir,
And ſwears all before him, in juſtice, ſhou'd hang, ſir.

The hindmoſt condemns what the foremoſt is doing,
And ſwears he wrong meaſures is daily purſuing;
Yet twenty to one, were he in the ſame place, ſir,
With him that condemns 'twou'd be juſt the ſame caſe, ſir;
'Tis nothing but jockeying, and thoſe that remark it,
Will find as much jockeying at court, as Newmarket.

When the Scots into places of truſt got admittance,
And favours were amply beſtow'd on North Britons;
Then the whigs were with anger and jealouſy ſwelling,
To ſee thoſe in power, who, before, were rebelling;
'Twas this provok'd Wilkes to that ſore aggravation,
For which he was jockey'd quite out of the nation.

There is not a ſtateſman among the whole band, ſir,
But tells you he acts for the good of the land, ſir;
Yet plain it is ſeen, that ſome patriot pretenders,
Who call themſelves Engliſhmens glorious defenders,
Do talk, and talk only; for ſtill the great plan, ſir,
Is to put in their pockets as much as they can, ſir.

Such plauſible guardians our truſt we repoſe in,
They tell us fine ſtories until they are choſen;

They fawn on the ignorant, and gull the unthinking,
And come on the blind ſide of thoſe that love drinking;
And, after they have purchas'd us, this is the caſe, ſir—
They ſell us again on a ſeven years leaſe, ſir,

Theſe, theſe, are the maxims our rulers are prone to,
Which honeſt men wou'd be aſham'd, ſir, to own to;
Nay, even ſome biſhops have lean'd to theſe notions,
And barter'd the bible for wordly promotions.
Self-intereſt is all; ſo a fig for the din, ſir,
It boots not to us who is out or who's in, ſir.

SONG 199.

By WILLIAM GEORGE EDMUNDS.

Wrote for a Club of Choice Spirits.

HENCE, from theſe mirth-incloſing walls
Deteſted care.—Hark, Comus calls,
He bids the jovial rites begin,
And all the ſons of Mirth walk in.

Let Anguiſh hide its hated face,
Nor Sadneſs dare pollute the place
Where Mirth and Bacchus jointly reign,
Relentleſs foes to care and pain.

Thou roſy patron of the vine,
Great Bacchus, from thy ſeat divine,
Behold thy thirſty vot'ries here,
Drink as deep, as thou doſt there.

SONG 200.

Set by Dr. ARNE. *Sung at* VAUXHALL.

RESOLV'D, as her poet, of *Celia* to ſing,
For emblems of beauty I ſearch'd through the ſpring;

To

To flowers ſoft blooming compar'd the ſweet maid,
But flowers, tho' blooming, at ev'ning may fade.
Of ſunſhine and breezes I next thought to write,
Of breezes ſo calm, and of ſunſhine ſo bright;
But theſe with my fair no reſemblance will hold,
For the ſun ſets at night, and breezes grow cold.

The clouds of mild evening array'd in pale blue,
While the ſun-beams behind them peep'd glittering through,
Tho' to rival her charms they can never ariſe,
Yet methought they look'd ſomething like Celia's ſweet eyes:
Theſe beauties are tranſient; but Celia's will laſt,
When ſpring, and when ſummer, and autumn, are paſt;
For ſenſe and good humour no ſeaſon diſarms,
And the ſoul of my Celia enlivens her charms.

At length on a fruit-tree a bloſſom I found,
Which beauty diſplay'd, and ſhed fragrance around,
I then thought the muſes had ſmil'd on my pray'r:
This bloſſom, I cry'd, will reſemble my fair;
Theſe colours ſo gay, and united ſo well,
This delicate texture, and raviſhing ſmell,
Be her perſon's dear emblem: But where ſhall I find,
In nature, a beauty that equals her mind?

This bloſſom, now pleaſing, at ſummer's gay call
Muſt languiſh at firſt, and muſt afterwards fall;
But behind it the fruit, its ſucceſſor, ſhall riſe,
By nature diſrob'd of its beauteous diſguiſe:
So Celia, when youth, that gay bloſſom, is o'er,
By her virtues improv'd, ſhall engage me the more,
Shall recall ev'ry beauty that brighten'd her prime,
When her merit is ripen'd by love, and by time.

SONG

SONG 201.

In COMUS. *Set by Dr.* ARNE.

FROM tyrant laws and cuſtoms free,
We follow ſweet variety;
By turns we drink, and dance, and ſing,
Time for ever on the wing.

Why ſhould niggard rules controul,
Tranſports of the jovial ſoul?
No dull ſtinting hour we own,
Pleaſure counts our time alone.

SONG 202.

In the MAID *of the* MILL.

WHY how now miſs pert!
Do you think to divert,
My anger by fawning and ſtroking?
Would you make me a fool,
Your play thing, your tool?
Was ever young minx ſo provoking?

Get out of my ſight!
'Twould be ſerving you right,
To lay a ſound doſe of the laſh on:
Contradict your mamma!
I've a mind by the la—
But I wont put myſelf in a paſſion.

SONG 203.

A favourite Song *in the* Oratorio of JUDITH.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

VAIN is beauty's gaudy flow'r,
Pageant of an idle hour;
Born juſt to bloom and fade;

Nor leſs weak, leſs vain than it,
Is the pride of human wit;
The ſhadow of a Shade.

SONG 204.

Sung in the Maſque *of* ALFRED;
Set by Dr. ARNE.

LOVE's the tyrant of the heart,
Full of miſchief, full of woe;
All his joys are mixt with ſmart;
Thorns beneath his roſes grow:
And ſerpent-like he ſtings the breaſt,
Where he is harbour'd and careſs'd.

SONG 205.

GO, tuneful bird, that glads the ſkies,
To Daphne's window ſpeed thy way,
And there on quiv'ring pinions riſe,
And there thy vocal art diſplay.

And if ſhe deign thy notes to hear,
And if ſhe praiſe thy matin ſong;
Tell her the ſounds that ſoothe her ear,
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may ſhine;
But aſk the lovely, partial maid,
What are his notes, compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witleſs beau,
And all his flaunting race, with ſcorn,
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who ſings her praiſe, and ſings forlorn.

SONG 206.

In the Engliſh Opera *of* ELIZA.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

HAPPY Day! for ever dear,
Brighteſt of the circling Year;
Smiles like thine can freedom charm,
Glory crown, and virtue warm.
Peace comes ſmiling up to thee;
Pleas'd, comes onward liberty;
Plenty too brings up the band,
Dancing o'er this happy land.

SONG 207. *Sung at* VAUXHALL.

GAY Damon long ſtudy'd my heart to obtain,
The prettieſt young ſhepherd that pipes on the plain;
I'd hear his ſoft tale, then declare 'twas amiſs,
And I'd often ſay no, often ſay no, when I long'd to ſay yes.
And I'd often, &c.

Laſt Valentine's day to our cottage he came,
And brought me two lambkins to witneſs his flame:
Oh! take theſe, he cry'd, thou, more fair than their fleece;
I could hardly ſay no, tho' aſham'd to ſay yes.
I could hardly, &c.

Soon after one morning, we ſat in the grove;
He preſs'd my hand hard, and in ſighs breath'd his love;
Then tenderly aſk'd, if I'd grant him a kiſs?
I deſign'd to've ſaid no, but miſtook, and ſaid yes.
I deſign'd, &c.

At

At this, with delight, his heart danc'd in his breaſt;
Ye gods, he cry'd, Chloe will now make me bleſt;
Come, let's to the church, and ſhare conjugal bliſs:
To prevent being teaz'd, I was forced to ſay yes,
To prevent, &c.

I ne'er was ſo pleas'd with a word in my life:
I ne'er was ſo happy as ſince I'm a wife:
Then take, ye young damſels, my counſel in this,
You muſt all die old maids, if you will not ſay yes;
You muſt all die old maids, all die old maids, if
you will not ſay yes.

SONG 208.

In the BEGGARS OPERA.

THE charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,
The judges all rang'd (a terrible ſhow!)
I go, undiſmay'd——For death is a debt,
A debt on demand.——So take what I owe.

Then farewell, my love,——Dear charmer, adieu!
Contented I die——'tis the better for you.
Here end all diſputes the reſt of our lives,
For this way at once I pleaſe all my wives.

SONG 209.

In the BEGGARS OPERA.

SINCE laws are made for ev'ry degree,
To curb vice in others, as well as in me,
I wonder we han't better company,
Upon Tyburn tree!

But gold from law can take out the ſting;
And if rich men like us were to ſwing,
'Twould thin the land, ſuch numbers to ſtring
Upon Tyburn tree!

SONG

SONG 210.

THUS I ſtand like a Turk with my doxies around;
From all ſides their glances his paſſion confound;
For black, brown, and fair, his inconſtancy burns,
And different beauties ſubdue him by turns:

Each calls forth her charms to provoke his deſires:
Though willing to all, with but one he retires.
But think of this maxim, and put off all ſorrow,
The wretch of to-day may be happy to-morrow.
But think of this maxim, &c.

SONG 211. *In* THOMAS and SALLY.

FROM ploughing the ocean and thraſhing Monſieur,
In old England we're landed once more;
Your hands, my brave ſhipmates, halloo boys, what cheer:
For a ſailor that's juſt come on ſhore?

Thoſe hectoring blades thought to ſcare us no doubt,
And to cut us and ſlaſh us—morblieu!
But hold there, avaſt, they were plaguely out,
We have ſlic'd them and pepper'd them too.

Then courage, my hearts, your own conſequence know,
Yon invaders ſhall ſoon do you right;
The lion may rouſe, when he hears the cock crow,
But ſhould never be put in a fright.

You've only to ſhun your nonſenſical jars,
Your damn'd party and idle conteſt;
And let all your ſtrife be, like us honeſt tars,
Who ſhall fight for his country the beſt.

A ſea-

A ſea-faring ſpark, if the maids can affect,
Bid the ſimpering gipſies look to't;
Sound bottoms they'll find us in every reſpect,
And our pockets well laden to boot.

The landſmen, mayhap, in the way of diſcourſe,
Have more art to perſuade, and the like:
But 'ware thoſe fair colours, for better for worſe,
Is the bargain we're willing to ſtrike.

Now long live the king, may he proſperous reign,
Of no power, no faction afraid:
May Britain's proud flag ſtill exult o'er the main,
At all points of the compaſs diſplay'd.

No quickſands endanger, no ſtorms overwhelm:
Steady, ſteady and ſafe may ſhe ſail;
No ignorant pilots ere ſit at the helm,
Or her anchor of liberty fail.

SONG 212.

'TIS woman that ſeduces all mankind,
By her we firſt were taught the wheedling arts:
Her very eyes can cheat; when moſt ſhe's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts.
For her, like wolves by night we roam for prey,
And practiſe ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms;
For ſuits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty muſt be fee'd into our arms.

SONG 213.

YOUTH's the ſeaſon made for joys,
Love is then our duty.
She alone who that employs,
Well deſerves her beauty.

Let's

Let's be gay
While we may,
Beauty's a flow'r, will ſoon decay.
Youth's the ſeaſon, &c.

Let us drink and ſport to-day,
Ours is not to-morrow.
Love with youth flies ſwift away,
Age is nought but ſorrow.
Dance and ſing,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of ſpring.
Let us drink, &c.

SONG 214.

THE modes of the court ſo common are grown,
That a true friend can hardly be met;
Friendſhip for intereſt is but a loan,
Which they let out for what they can get.
'Tis true, you find
Some friends ſo kind,
Who will give you good counſel themſelves to defend;
In ſorrowful ditty,
They promiſe, they pity,
But ſhift you for money from friend to friend.

SONG 215.

RECITATIVE.

THE feſtive board was met, the ſocial band
Round fam'd Anacreon took their ſilent ſtand,
My ſons (began the ſage) be this the rule;
No brow auſtere muſt dare approach my ſchool,
Where love and Bacchus jointly reign within;
Old Care begone! here ſadneſs is a ſin.

AIR.

AIR.

Tell me not the joys that wait
On him that's learn'd, on him that's great:
Wealth and wiſdom I deſpiſe,
Cares ſurround the rich and wiſe:
The queen that gives ſoft wiſhes birth,
And Bacchus, god of wine and mirth,
Me their friend and fav'rite own,
I was born for them alone:
Bus'neſs, title, pomp and ſtate,
Give 'em to the fools I hate.

But let love, let life be mine,
Bring me women, bring me wine;
Speed the dancing hours away,
Mind not what the grave ones ſay;
Gaily let the minutes fly,
In wit and freedom, love and joy;
So ſhall love and life be mine;
Bring me women, bring me wine.

SONG 216.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale,
(In which I will drink to ſweet Nan of the vale)
Was once Toby Philpot, a thirſty old ſoul,
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl.
In boozing about 'twas his praiſe to excel,
And among jolly topers he bore off the bell—
Bell, he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd as in dog-days he ſat at his eaſe,
In his flow'r-wov'n arbour, as gay as you pleaſe;
With a friend and a pipe, puffing ſorrow away,
And with honeſt old ſtingo was ſoaking his clay,
Hts breath-doors of life on a ſudden were ſhut,
And he dy'd full as big as a Dorceſter butt.

His

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had reſolv'd it again,
A potter found out in a covert ſo ſnug,
And with part of fat Toby he made this brown jug;
Now ſacred to friendſhip, to mirth and mild ale.
So here's to my lovely ſweet Nan of the vale.
Vale, ſweet Nan of the vale.

SONG 217.

HARK! away, 'tis the merry-ton'd horn
Calls the hunters all up with the morn:
To the hills and the woodlands we ſteer,
To unharbour the out-lying deer.

CHORUS of HUNTSMEN.

And all the day long,
This, this is our ſong:
Still hallowing
And following,
So frolick and free;
Our joys know no bounds,
While we're after the hounds,
No mortals on earth are ſo happy as we.

Round the woods when we beat, how we glow,
While the hills they all echo, hillo!
With a bounce from his cover he flies,
Then our ſhouts ſhall reſound to the ſkies.
And all the day long, &c.

When we ſweep o'er the vallies, or climbe
Up the health-breathing mountain ſublime,
What a joy from our labours we feel!
Which alone they who taſte can reveal.
And all the day long, &c.

At night when our labour is done,
Then we will go hallowing home,

With

With a hallo, hallo, and a huzza,
Reſolving to met the next day,
And all the day long, &c.

SONG 218.

WINE, wine we allow the briſk fountain of mirth,
It frights away care, and gives jollity birth;
Yet while we thus freely great Bacchus approve,
Let's pay the glad tribute to Venus and Love;
For do what you will, nay, or ſay what you can,
Who loves not a woman, the wretch is no man.

To the charms of that ſex let us chearful reſign
Our youth and our vigour, they're better that wine:
There's merit, I own, in a gay ſparkling glaſs,
But can it compare with a lovely kind laſs?
No, it cannot compare, you may ſay what you can,
Who prefers not a woman, the wretch is no man.

Th' enchantments of beauty what force can repel?
The eyes powerful magic, the boſom's ſoft ſwell,
The look ſo endearing, the kind melting kiſs;
The enjoyments of love, are all rapture and bliſs:
Then who women refuſes, rejects Nature's plan,
He may ſay what he will but the wretch is no man.

May ſcandal, misfortune, and direful diſgrace,
Be the portion of all the effeminate race;
Like England what nation on earth can they find,
Whoſe nymphs are ſo fair, ſo inviting, and kind?
Then who women refuſes, rejects Nature's plan,
May they ſuffer like brutes, nor be pity'd by man.

From a ſtriking example my moral ſhall ſpring,
Who'd act like a man, let him copy his king;

Like George in his youth, the gay ſpring-tide of life,
Let ev'ry good fellow now take him a wife;
When by Hymen you're bleſt, reſt ſecurely, for then
You'll have nothing to do, but to prove yourſelves men.

SONG 219.

SAVE women and wine there is nothing in life
That can bribe honeſt ſouls to endure it;
When the heart is perplex'd, and ſurrounded with care,
Dear women and wine only cure it.

Come on, then, my boys, we'll have women and wine,
And wiſely to purpoſe employ them:
He's a fool that refuſes ſuch bleſſings divine,
Whilſt vigour and health can enjoy them.

Our wine ſhall be old, bright, and ſound, my dear Jack,
To heighten our am'rous fires;
Our girls plump and ſound ſhall kiſs with a ſmack,
And gratify all our deſires.

SONG 220.

HAIL England, old England, for glory renown'd,
In arms, as in arts, ſo tranſcendantly crown'd,
'Tis thine, ſtrict to honour, no treaties to break;
'Tis thine to revenge, when that honour's at ſtake;
Then now rouze, ye brave, draw the ſword, point the lance,
And bid the bold cannon hurl thunder to France.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Huzza! huzza! huzza! O ye Britons; to conqueſt purſue;
For the trumpet of vict'ry's uplifted for you.

Hark! truth ſpeaks already, our heroes prevail;
The rouz'd Engliſh lion makes Gallia turn pale:
Thy cunning, O! France, its own fate will decree;
Succeſs, lo! dawns on us by land and by ſea;
And wide o'er the main ſhall the Britiſh flag fly,
To force that ſubmiſſion which pride would deny.
Huzza, &c.

Britannia rejoices your ardour to ſee;
My ſons, fight, ſhe cries, 'tis for freedom and me;
Tho' Gallic ambition alliance explore;
You've conquer'd them now, whom you've conquer'd before:
And triumphs theſe truths to all nations ſhall ſing,
The ocean is George's, and George is our king.
Huzza, &c.

SONG 221.

Tune, If he has ſenſe but to balance a ſtraw.

TO think on one's follies, ſometimes, is but right;
And reflection is good, tho' there's nothing got by't:
How many ways mortals purſue after bliſs!
But ſtill the genteeleſt is keeping a miſs:
The prudent are conſtant to one, and no more;
But I, like a blockhead, muſt dabble with four;
I'll tell you their names, tho' you'll call me a rake:
Miſs-fortune, Miſs-conduct, Miſs-chance, and Miſs-take.

Four jilts ſo deſtructive, four brimſtones ſo bad,
By Jove were ſufficient to drive a man mad:
Tho' jealouſy oft' makes the fair diſagree,
Yet theſe all united in kindneſs to me;
In life's wanton paths they ſeduc'd me to ſtray,
And ſeem'd to ſpread flow'rs of delight on the way.
So ſimple was I, I'd have dy'd for the ſake
Of Miſs fortune, Miſs-conduct, Miſs-chance, and Miſs-take.

At length, fair Diſcretion, with reaſon combin'd,
Thus whiſper'd advice, and it dwelt on my mind:
You've ſurely not got 'em for better for worſe;
Get at once into buſ'neſs, you'll get a divorce.
I though 'twas my duty to part with 'em too;
Becauſe they ſo long had detain'd me from you:
And now do but ſmoak, and I'll ever forſake
Miſs-fortune, Miſs-conduct, Miſs-chance, and Miſs-take.

SONG 222. *In* ARTAXERXES.

THY Father!—away!—I renounce the ſoft claim,
Thou ſpot to my honour! thou blaſt to my Fame!
Let juſtice the traitor to puniſhment bring;
His father he loſt when he murder'd his king.

SONG 223. *In* ARTAXERXES.

WHEN real joys we miſs,
'Tis ſome degree of bliſs,
To reap ideal pleaſure,
And dream of hidden treaſure.

The ſoldier dreams of wars,
And conquers without ſcars;

The

The ſailor in his ſleep
With ſafety ploughs the deep:

So I, through fancy's aid,
Enjoy my heav'nly maid,
And, bleſt with thee and love,
Am greater far than Jove.

SONG 224. *In* ARTAXERXES.

FAIR Aurora, prithee ſtay;
O retard unwelcome day;
Think what anguiſh rends my breaſt,
Thus careſſing, thus careſt,
From the idol of my heart
Forc'd at thy approach to part.

SONG 225. *In* ARTAXERXES.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

IN infancy our hopes and fears
Were to each other known;
And friendſhip in our riper years,
Has twin'd our hearts in one;
O! clear him then from this offence;
Thy love, thy duty, prove;
Reſtore him with that innocence
Which firſt inſpir'd my love.

SONG 226. *In* ARTAXERXES.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

BEHOLD on Lethe's diſmal ſtrand
Thy father's troubled image ſtand!
In his face what grief profound!

See, he rolls his haggard eyes!
Hark! "Revenge! Revenge!" he cries,
And points to his ſtill bleeding wound,
Obey the call, revenge his death,
And calm his ſoul that gave thee breath.

SONG 227. *In the* Muſical Lady.

LOVE's a ſweet and ſoft muſician,
Who derives his ſkill from thee;
Plays on ev'ry diſpoſition,
Strikes the ſoul on ev'ry key.

Deep deſpair now thrums Adagio,
Lively hope now ſounds Coragio;
O! the raviſhing Tranſition!
Tweedle-dum, and Tweedle-dee.

SONG 228. *Sung at* Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Yates.

FAREWELL, ye green fields and ſweet groves,
Where Phillis engag'd my fond heart;
Where nightingales warble their loves,
And nature is dreſs'd without art:
No pleaſure ye now can afford,
Nor muſic can lull me to reſt;
For Phillis proves falſe to her word,
And Strephon can never be bleſt.

Oft-times by the ſide of a ſpring,
Where roſes and lilies appear,
Gay Phillis of Strephon would ſing,
For Strephon was all ſhe held dear:
But as ſoon as ſhe found, by my eyes,
The paſſion that glow'd in my breaſt,

She

She then, to my grief and ſurprize,
Prov'd all ſhe had ſaid was a jeſt.

Too late, to my ſorrow, I find,
The beauties alone that will laſt,
Are thoſe that are fix'd in the mind,
Which envy or time cannot blaſt:
Beware then, beware how ye truſt
Coquettes, who to love make pretence;
For Phillis to me had been juſt,
If nature had bleſt her with ſenſe.

SONG 229. *Sung in* ELIZA.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

THE woodlark whiſtles through the grove,
Tuning the ſweeteſt notes of love
To pleaſe his female on the ſpray;
Perch'd by his ſide, her little breaſt
Swells with a lover's joy confeſt,
To hear, and to reward her lay.

Come then, my fair one, let us prove
From their example how to love:
For thee the early pipe I'll breathe;
And when my flock return to fold,
Their ſhepherd to thy boſom hold,
And crown him with the nuptial wreath.

SONG 230.

A PASTORAL SONG. *Sung at* RANELAGH.

Set by Mr. BATTISHILL.

WHAT ſhepherd, or nymph of the grove,
Can blame me for dropping a tear,
Or lamenting aloud, as I rove,
Since Phœbe no longer is here?

My

My flocks, if at random they ſtray,
What wonder, if ſhe's from the plains?
Her hand they were wont to obey:
She rul'd both the ſheep and the ſwains.

Can I ever forget how we ſtray'd
To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,
To the bow'r we had built in the ſhade,
Or the river that runs by the mill?
There, ſweet, by my ſide as ſhe lay,
And heard the fond ſtories I told,
How ſweet was the thruſh from the ſpray,
Or the bleating of lambs from the fold!

How oft' wou'd I ſpy out a charm,
Which, before, had been hid from my view!
And, while arm was enfolded in arm,
My lips to her lips, how they grew!
How long the ſweet conteſt would laſt!
Till the hours of retirement and reſt,
What pleaſures and pain each had paſt,
Who longeſt had lov'd, and who beſt.

No changes of place, or of time,
I felt when my fair one was near;
Alike was each weather, and clime,
Each ſeaſon that chequer'd the year:
In Winter's rude lap did we freeze,
Did we melt on the boſom of May;
Each morn brought contentment and eaſe,
If we roſe up to work or to play.

She was all my fond wiſhes could aſk;
She had all the kind gods could impart;
She was Nature's moſt beautiful taſk,
The deſpair, and the envy of Art:
There all, that is worthy to prize,
In all that was lovely was dreſt;
For the Graces were thron'd in her eyes,
And the Virtues all lodg'd in her breaſt.

SONG

SONG 231.

Sung at MARYBONE GARDENS.

THE fam'd Poets of Greece
Were but all of a piece,
And pretended the gift of ſome god!
Yet, believe me, their art
Was at length to impart
Something whimſical, clever, and odd.

So with moderns we find,
That this vein of the mind
Reigns from monarchs quite down to the clod:
And tho' palaces ſtrike,
Yet the cottage alike
Has it's pleaſures—becauſe it is odd.

E'en the prude, in her way,
Cries "Each fool has his day"—
So for once I will follow the mode!
Let us quit the dull ſage;
And, ſince cares don't engage,
I'll be chearful—becauſe it is odd.

Nay—the wife who from home
Scarce can venture to roam,
For this once too will venture abroad;
And tho' huſbands will rule,
Yet ſhe cries, I'm a fool,
If to day I can't dare to be odd.

Thus odd folks (under heav'n)
May oft' odd things make even,
And of all my expence eaſe the load;
Then, for my ſake, this day
Leave your cares (as they may)
And to Marybone come, and be odd.

SONG

SONG 232.

The DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE ſhepherds give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my ſheep;
They have nothing to do but to ſtray,
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet I do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my paſſion begun;
She ſmil'd—and I could not but love:
She is faithleſs—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foreſee,
That a nymph ſo compleat would be ſought
By a ſwain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inſpire,
It baniſhes wiſdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a ſmile.

She is faithleſs, and I am undone;
Ye that witneſs the woes I endure,
Let reaſon inſtruct you to ſhun
What it cannot inſtruct you to cure.
Baware how ye loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

O ye woods! ſpread your branches apace,
To your deepeſt receſſes I fly;
I would hide with the beaſts of the chace;
I would vaniſh from every eye.
Yet my reed ſhall reſound through the grove
With the ſame ſad complaint it began,
How ſhe ſmil'd, and I could not but love,
Was faithleſs, and I am undone.

SONG

SONG 233.

The LOVER'S RECANTATION. *A Cantata.*

Sung at VAUXHALL GARDENS.

RECITATIVE.

THE kind appointment Cælia made,
And nam'd the myrtle bow'r;
There, fretting, long poor Damon ſtay'd
Beyond the promis'd hour;
No longer able to contain
This anxious expectation,
With rage he ſought t'allay his pain,
And vented thus his paſſion.

AIR.

To all the ſex deceitful
A long and laſt adieu,
Since women prove ungrateful
As long as men prove true.
The pains they give are many,
And, Oh! too hard to bear;
The joys they give—if any,
Few, ſhort, and unſincere.

RECITATIVE.

Now Cælia, from mamma got looſe,
Had reach'd the calm retreat:
With modeſt bluſh ſhe begg'd excuſe,
And chid her tardy feet.
The ſhepherd, from each doubt releas'd,
His joy could not reſtrain,
But, as each tender thought increas'd,
Thus chang'd his railing ſtrain.

AIR,

AIR.

How engaging, how endearing,
Is a lover's pain and care!
And what joy the nymph's appearing
After abſence or deſpair!
Women wiſe increaſe deſiring,
By contriving kind delays;
And, advancing or retiring,
All they mean is—more to pleaſe.

SONG 234.

Sung in LOVE *in a* VILLAGE.

HOW happy were my days till now!
I ne'er did ſorrow feel;
With joy I roſe to milk my cow,
Or take my ſpinning-wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
Like any bird I ſung,
Till he pretended love, and I
Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

O the fool! the ſilly, ſilly fool,
That truſts what man may be!
I wiſh I was a maid again,
And in my own country.

SONG 235.

Set by Mr. HOWARD.

THE blitheſt bird that ſings in *May*,
Was ne'er more blithe, was ne'er more gay,
Than I, ah well-a day!
Than I, ah well-a-day!

Ere

Ere Colin yet had learn'd to ſigh,
Or I to gueſs the reaſon why,
Oh love! ah well-a-day!
Oh love! ah well a-day!

We kiſs'd, we toy'd, we neither knew
From whence theſe fond endearments grew,
Till he, ah well-a-day!
Till he, &c.

By time and other ſwains made wiſe,
Began to talk of hearts and eyes,
And love, ah well-a-day!
And love, &c.

Kind nature now took Colin's part;
My eyes inform'd againſt my heart:
My heart, ah well-a-day!
My heart, &c.

Straight glow'd with thrilling ſympathy,
And echo'd back each gentle ſigh,
Each ſigh, ah well-a-day!
Each ſigh, &c.

Can love, alas! by words be won?
He aſk'd a proof, a tender one,
While I, ah well-a-day!
While I, ah well-a-day!

In ſilence bluſh'd a fond reply:
Can ſhe who truly loves deny?
Ah, no, ah well-a-day!
Ah, no, ah well-a day.

SONG 236. *In the* ROYAL CHACE.

Set by Dr. BOYCE.

HOW pleaſing we find the gay ſports of the field!
While through the vales we're bounding,
The hills our cries reſounding,
The muſical chace all its pleaſure does yield.

How delightful the pauſe when the ſtag ſtood at bay!
But when his flight renewing,
Again we were purſuing,
Till we crown'd with ſucceſs the ſport of the day.

SONG 237.

WHEN Jeſſy ſmil'd, her lovely look
My wand'ring heart a priſ'ner took,
And bound it with ſo ſtrong a chain,
I ne'er expect it back again.

Then, Jeſſy, treat a captive true
With gentle uſage—'tis its due;
It pants for thee alone:
Then take it kindly to thy breaſt,
And give the weary wand'rer reſt,
And keep it near thy own.

SONG 238.

Sung by Mr. BEARD. *Set by Mr.* HOWARD.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN Bacchus, jolly god, invites
To revel in his ev'ning Rites,
In vain his altar I ſurround,
Tho' with Burgundian incenſe crown'd:
No charms has wine without the laſs;
'Tis love gives reliſh to the glaſs.

AIR.

While all around, with jocund glee,
In brimmers toaſt their fav'rite ſhe,
Tho' ev'ry nymph my lips proclaim,
My heart ſtill whiſpers Chloe's name:
And thus with me, by am'rous ſtealth,
Still ev'ry glaſs is Chloe's health.

SONG

SONG 239.

In ARTAXERXES.

THE ſoldier, tir'd of war's alarms,
Forſwears the clang of hoſtile arms,
And ſcorns the ſpear and ſhield;
But, if the brazen trumpet ſound,
He burns with conqueſt to be crown'd,
And dares again the field.

SONG 240.

Sung in the MAID *of the* MILL.

WAS I ſure a life to lead,
Wretched as the vileſt ſlave,
Ev'ry hardſhip wou'd I brave,
Rudeſt toil, ſevereſt need,
Ere yield my hand ſo coolly
To the man who never truly
Could my heart in keeping have.

Wealth with others ſucceſs will inſure you,
Where your wit and your perſon may pleaſe;
Take to them your love, I conjure you,
And in mercy ſet me at eaſe.

SONG 241.

A HUNTING SONG.

Sung in APOLLO *and* DAPHNE.

THE ſun from the eaſt tips the mountains with gold,
And the meadows all ſpangled with dew-drops behold.
How the lark's early matin proclaims the new day,
And the horn's chearful ſummons rebukes our delay!

With the ſports of the field there's no pleaſure
can vie,
While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his ſport,
And the ſlave of the ſtate hunt the ſmiles of the
court;
No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
But innocence ſtill gives it reſt to our joy,
With the ſports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;
The prieſt hunts a living, the lawyer a fee;
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with diſgrace.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plum, the ſoldier hunts fame;
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name;
And the artful coquette, tho' ſhe ſeems to refuſe,
Yet, in ſpite of her airs, ſhe her lover purſues.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

Let the bold, and the buſy, hunt glory and wealth,
All the bleſſings we aſk is the bleſſing of health;
With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands
to roam,
And when tired abroad find contentment at home.
With the ſports of the field there's no pleaſure
can vie.
While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

SONG 242.

SICK of the town, fair Delia flew
To contemplation's rural ſeat;
Adieu, ſhe cry'd, vain world, adieu,
Fools only ſtudy to be great:

The

The books, the lamp, the hermit's cell,
The moſs-grown roof, the matted floor;
All theſe ſhe had—'twas mighty well;
But yet ſhe wanted ſomething more.

Back to the buſy world again
She ſoon return'd, in hopes to find
Eaſe for imaginary pain,
Quiet of heart, and peace of mind:
Gay ſcenes of grandeur ev'ry hour,
By turns her fickle fancy fill;
The world ſeem'd all within her pow'r;
But yet ſhe wanted ſomething ſtill.

Cities and groves by turns were try'd;
'Twas all, ye fair, an idle tale,
Delia at length became a bride,
A bride to Damon of the vale:
Behold, at once the gloom was clear'd;
Damon was kind;—and from that hour
Each place a paradiſe appear'd,
And Delia wanted nothing more.

SONG 243.

Sung in ARTAXERXES.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant love,
A conqueſt I believ'd,
The flatt'ring error ceaſe to prove,
O! let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
Which love did firſt create;
What was my pride is now my ſhame,
And muſt be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind
The weakneſs of my heart,
Which, ah! I feel too much inclin'd
To take a traitor's part.

SONG 244.

Sung in THOMAS and SALLY. *Set by Dr.* Arne.

LIFE's a garden, rich in treaſure,
Bury'd like the ſeeds in earth:
There lie joy, contentment, pleaſure;
But 'tis love muſt give them birth.

That warm ſun its aid denying,
We no happineſs can taſte;
But in cold obſtruction lying,
Life is all one barren waſte.

SONG 245.

Sung in LOVE *in a* VILLAGE.

A Plague of thoſe wenches! they make ſuch a pother,
When once they have let'n a man have his will;
They're always a whining for ſomething or other,
And cry he's unkind in his carriage.
What thof he ſpeak 'em ne'er ſo fairly,
Still they keep teazing, teazing on,
You cannot perſuade 'em,
'Till promiſe you've made 'em;
And after they've got it,
They'll tell you——ad rot it!
There character's blaſted, they're ruin'd, undone;
And then, to be ſure, ſir,
There is but one cure, ſir,
And all their diſcourſe is of marriage.

SONG

SONG 246.

WHAT ſadneſs reigns over the plain!
How droop the ſweet flowrets around!
How penſive each nymph and each ſwain!
How ſilent each muſical ſound!
No more the ſoft lute in the bow'rs,
Beguile the cool ev'nings away;
Sad ſighs meaſure out the long hours,
Since Damon has wander'd away.

Oh! he was our village's pride,
This change from his abſence is ſeen;
'Twas he that our muſic ſupply'd,
When gaily we danc'd on the green:
At ſhearing, at wake, and at fair,
How jovial and frolic were we!
But now ev'ry feaſt in the year
Is joyleſs as joyleſs can be.

Ah! why did he venture from home,
To mix among hoſtile alarms?
No juſtice oblig'd him to roam,
Or take up thoſe terrible arms:
Let thoſe who are cruel and rough,
Be heedleſs of life, and of limb;
The country had ſoldiers enough,
Nor needed one gentle like him.

Where e'er the adventurer goes,
On land or the dangerous main,
Kind Heaven protect him from woes,
And give me to Celia again.
Oh! give him to Celia again,
My true love in ſafety reſtore;
I'll ceaſe on his breaſt to complain,
From my arms he ſhall wander no more.

SONG

SONG 247.

Sung at RANELAGH.

THAT *Jenny*'s my friend, my delight and my pride,
I always have boaſted, and ſeek not to hide:
I dwell on her praiſes wherever I go;
They ſay, I'm in love, but I anſwer, No, no;
They ſay, I'm in love, but I anſwer, No, no.

At ev'ning oft-times, with what pleaſure I ſee
A note from her hand, "I'll be with you at tea!"
My heart how it bounds when I hear her below!
But ſay not 'tis love, for I anſwer, No, no;
But ſay, &c.

She ſings me a ſong, and I echo its ſtrain;
Again, I cry, *Jenny*, ſweet *Jenny*, again:
I kiſs her ſweet lips, as if there I could grow;
But ſay not 'tis love, for I anſwer, No, no;
But ſay, &c.

She tells me her faults as ſhe ſits on my knee:
I chide her, and ſwear ſhe's an angel to me:
My ſhoulder ſhe taps, and ſtill bids me think ſo:
Who knows but ſhe loves, tho' ſhe anſwers, No, no;
Who knows, &c.

From beauty and wit, and good-humour, how I,
Should prudence adviſe, and compel me to fly:
Thy bounty, O Fortune, make haſte to beſtow,
And let me deſerve her, or ſtill I'll ſay, No;
And let me deſerve her, or ſtill I'll ſay, No.

SONG 248. *Sung at* VAUXHALL.

SINCE we went out a maying, too late can I find,
Young Harry has run day and night in my mind:
He's

He's grown ſo bewitching as never before:
For I find that I love him each time more and more,
For I find that I love him each time more and more.

Each morning his face with what pleaſure I ſee!
Not my own at the glaſs is ſo handſome to me;
I'm ſo vex'd I cou'd cry when his viſit is o'er,
Nor help, if I would, but muſt love more and more,
Nor help, if I would, &c.

He'd have me to ſing to him all the day long,
And ſays mine's as ſweet as the Nightingale's ſong.
Such praiſes as theſe I had never before;
I'm ſure that he loves me, tho' him I love more,
I'm ſure that he loves me, &c.

When my mother was gone, with love in his looks,
He begg'd for one kiſs, but how many he took!
I aſk'd why ſo free, who was ne'er ſo before?
He bluſh'd, and then promis'd to do ſo no more,
He bluſh'd, and then promis'd, &c.

How I wiſh'd the dear ſhepherd for life was all mine!
I ſhou'd have no occaſion to chide, or to pine;
Then Harry my lips may with kiſſes run o'er,
And I'll try, if it can be, to love him ſtill more,
And I'll try, if it can be, to love him ſtill more,

SONG 249. *In the* REPRISAL.

FROM the man whom I love tho' my heart I diſguiſe,
I will freely deſcribe the baſe wretch I deſpiſe;
And if he has ſenſe but to ballance a ſtraw,
He will ſure take the hint from the picture I draw.
And if he has ſenſe but to ballance a ſtraw,
He will ſure take the hint from the picture I draw.

A wit

A wit without ſenſe, without fancy a beau;
Like a parrot he chatters, and ſtruts like a crow:
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon;
In courage a hind, in conceit a Gaſcoon.
A peacock, &c.

As a vulture rapacious, in falſhood a fox;
Inconſtant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks:
As a tyger ferocious, perverſe as a hog;
In miſchief an ape, and in fawning a dog.
As a tyger, &c.

In a word, to ſum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather:
Yet if he has ſenſe but to ballance a ſtraw,
He will ſure take the hint from the picture I draw.
Yet if he has ſenſe but to ballance a ſtraw,
He will ſure take the hint from the picture I draw.

SONG 250.

Sung at RANELAGH.

YE true honeſt Britons, who love your own land,
Whoſe ſires were ſo brave, ſo victorious and free,
Who always beat France when they took her in hand,
Come join, honeſt Britons, in chorus with me;
Come join, honeſt Britons, in chorus with me.

Let us ſing our own treaſures, Old England's good cheer,
The profits and pleaſures of ſtout Britiſh beer;
Your wine-tipling, dram ſipping fellows, retreat,
But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.
But your, &c.

The French with their vineyards are meagre and pale,
They drink of the ſqueezings of half-ripen'd fruit;

But

But we, who have hop-grounds to mellow our a'e,
Are roſy and plump, and have freedom to boot.
Let us ſing, &c.

Shou'd the French dare invade us thus arm'd with our poles,
We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lanthorn-jaws ring;
For your beef-eating, beer-drinking Britons are ſouls
Who will ſhed their laſt drop for their country and king.
Let us ſing, &c.

SONG 251.

Set by Mr. BATTISHILL.

FOR a lovely bright nymph, that's cruel as fair,
I ſigh, and I pine, and I die with deſpair;
She rejects my fond love, flies and leaves me behind;
She's bright as the day, but as falſe as the wind.

Ye ſhepherds, take heed, and ſhun the falſe maid;
Take warning by me, or like me be betray'd.
Ye ſwains, O beware, and far far from her fly,
For if ye but ſee her, like me ye muſt die.

SONG 252.

Set by Mr. Battiſhill.

NOW pleaſure unbounded reſounds o'er the plains,
And brightens the ſmiles of the damſels and ſwains,
As they follow the laſt team of harveſt along,
And end all their toils with a dance and a ſong:
Poſſeſs'd of the plenty that bleſſes the year,
Bleak winter's approach they behold without fear,

And

And when tempeſts rattle and hurricanes roar,
Enjoy what they have, and ne'r languiſh for more.

Dear Chloe, from them let us learn to be wiſe,
And uſe every moment of life as it flies;
Gay youth is the ſpring-time, which all muſt improve,
For Summer to ripen an harveſt of love:
Our hearts then a provident care ſhould engage,
To lay friendſhip in ſtore for the winter of age,
Whoſe frowns ſhall diſarm ev'n Chloe's bright eye,
Damp the flame in my boſom, and pall ev'ry joy.

SONG 253.

Set by Mr. Battiſhill.

FROM nymph to nymph my heart had rov'd,
The brown, the fair, my flame approv'd;
The pert, the proud, by turns have lov'd,
And kindly fill'd my arms.
I danc'd, I ſung, I talk'd, I toy'd;
While this I woo'd I that enjoy'd;
And ere the kind with kindneſs cloy'd,
The coy reſign'd her charms.

But now, alas! thoſe days are done,
The wrong'd are all reveng'd by one,
Who like a frighted bird is flown,
Yet leaves her image here:
Oh! could I yet her heart recall,
Before her feet my pride ſhould fall,
And for her ſake, forſaking all,
I'd fix for ever there.

SONG

SONG 254.

Sung at MARYBONE GARDENS.

RECITATIVE.

O Damon, ſtill you ſtrive in vain,
Clarinda's fix'd reſolve to move;
My heart, alas! may feel the pain,
But juſtly ſcorns the guilt of love.

AIR.

Is this, ye pow'rs, his boaſted flame?
O ſay, is this his only end?
And can his love deſtroy the fame,
His truth and honour ſhould defend?

O! for a thought ſo meanly baſe,
Th' ungenerous youth ſhall ſurely find,
The heart that could admire his face,
Can ſtill deteſt him for his mind.

SONG 255. *Sung at* VAUXHALL.

Set by Mr. SAMUEL HOWARD.

IN all mankind's promiſcuous race,
The ſons of error urge their chace,
The wond'rous to purſue;
And, both in country and in town,
The curious courtier, cit and clown,
Solicit ſomething new.

The poets ſtill from nature take,
And what is ready made they make,
Hiſtorians muſt be true:
How therefore ſhall we find a road,
Thro' diſſertation, ſong, or ode,
To give you ſomething new?

They ſay virginity is ſcarce,
As any thing in proſe or verſe,
And ſo is honour too:
The papers of the day imply
No more than that we live and die,
And pay for ſomething new.

We ſee a-like the woeful dearth
In melancholy, or in mirth;
Then what ſhall ladies do?
Seek virtue, as th' immortal prize;
In fine, be honeſt, and be wiſe,
For that is ſomething new.

SONG 256. *The* CASUIST.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

Set by Mr. SAMUEL HOWARD.

RECITATIVE.

WHICH is beſt, ye caſuiſts, ſay,
To be grave or to be gay?
Still to weep, and never ſmile,
(In the Penſeroſo ſtile)
So ſit moping like a nun;
Or to friſk it in the ſun,
Where the ſcenes of mirth are play'd,
And the glad appointments made?

AIR.

If the maid avoids exceſs,
Better ſing, and dance, and dreſs,
And indulge the calls of youth,
While ſhe forfeits not her truth:
Rigour and ſevere demean
Are not decent at ſixteen;

And

And the character is loſt,
Study'd at good nature's coſt.

She that meditates the moſt,
Is not always virtue's boaſt;
Nor the ſilent and demure,
Always peaceable and pure:
While the lively, brisk, and ſmart,
Have more innocence at heart,
With a little leſs to dread
From the miſchief in their head.

SONG 257.

The Ides *of* May. *Sung at* VAUXHALL.

Set by Mr. SAMUEL HOWARD.

THE proſpect clear'd, around is heard
The muſic of the hive;
The bloſſoms blow, the ſpirits flow,
And nature's all alive:
In ev'ry grove the work is love,
The word is, "ſing and play;"
From eve to morn the ſages warn,
"Ye maids, beware of May!

Each lively ſcheme, each am'rous theme,
Our nymphs and poets chuſe;
The dance delights, the ſong invites,
As mirth provokes the muſe:
The war's no more, our chiefs come o'er;
Again the grave-ones ſay,
"Where'er ye tread, temptation's ſpread;
"Beware the Ides of May!

SONG 258. *Sung* at VAUXHALL.

Set by Mr. SAMUEL HOWARD.

WHERE ſhall Delia fly for ſhelter?
In what ſecret grove or cave?
Sighs and ſonnets ſent to melt her,
From the young, the gay, the brave,
Tho' with prudiſh airs ſhe ſtarch her,
Still ſhe longs, and ſtill ſhe burns:
Cupid ſhoots like Hayman's archer,
Whereſoe'er the damſel turns.

Virtue, youth, good ſenſe, and beauty,
(If diſcretion guide us not)
Sometimes are the ruffian's booty,
Sometimes are the booby's lot:
Now they're purchas'd by the trader,
Now commanded by the peer;
Now ſome ſubtle mean invader
Wins the heart, or gains the ear.

O diſcretion! thou'rt a jewel,
Or our grand-mammas miſtake,
Stinting flame by bating fuel,
Always careful and awake,
Would you keep your pearls from tramplers,
Weigh the licence, weigh the banns:
Mark my ſong upon your ſamplers,
Wear it on your knots and fans.

SONG 259.

Sung in the Muſical Comedy of the SUMMER'S TALE.

WHILE on Earth's ſoft lap deſcending,
Lightly falls the feather'd ſnow;
Nature awfully attending,
Each rude Wind forbids to blow.

White

White and pure awhile appearing,
Earth her virgin mantle wears;
Soon the fickle ſeaſon veering,
Her deluded boſom bares.

Thus my fooliſh heart believing,
Liſten'd to his artful tongue;
All his vows of love receiving;
On each flattering accent hung.

Fondly, for a time, miſtaken,
Love and joy conceal'd my fate:
Now, alas! at length forſaken,
Sad experience comes too late.

SONG 26o.

The Britiſh Fair. *Sung at* VAUXHALL.

Set by Mr. MICHAEL ARNE.

PHOEBUS meaner themes diſdaining,
To the lyriſt's call repair,
And the ſtrings to rapture ſtraining,
Come, and praiſe the Britiſh fair.

Chiefs throughout the land victorious,
Born to conquer and to ſpare,
Were not gallant, were not glorious,
Till commanded by the fair.

All the works of worth or merit,
Which the ſons of art prepare,
Have no pleaſure, life, or ſpirit,
But as borrow'd from the fair.

Reaſon is as weak as paſſion,
But if you for truth declare,
Worth and manhood are the faſhion,
Favour'd by the Britiſh fair.

SONG 261.

A favourite Song, *ſung at* VAUXHALL.

THE gaudy tulip ſwells with pride,
And rears its bauties to the Sun,
With heav'n-born tints of Iris' bow;
While low the vi'let ſprings beſide,
As in the ſhade it ſtrives to ſhun
The hand of ſome rapacious foe.

Of worth intrinſic, ſmall the ſtore
That from the tulip can ariſe,
When parted from its glowing bed.
While hid, the vi'let charms the more,
Like incenſe in its native ſkies,
When cropt to grace the virgin-head.

Then think, ye fair ones, how theſe flow'rs
Are wrought in nature's various robe;
Where pride declines, and merit thrives:
Your virgin dignity o'erpow'rs
The heroes of the conquer'd globe,
But ſweet compliance makes ye wives.

SONG 262.

The INVITATION. *Sung at* VAXUHALL.

COME, Laura, and meet your fond ſwain,
Ere Phœbus reclines to the weſt,
Nor let me ſtill languiſh in pain,
Your preſence alone makes me bleſt:
When abſent, no pleaſures I feel,
My paſſions but ſicken and die;
No power my tortures can heal,
Unleſs my dear Laura is by.

Then

Then haſte to yon jeſſamin grove,
Enjoy what no language can tell;
'Tis the ſeat of contentment and love,
Where peace and tranquillity dwell:
There Cupid our hearts ſhall unite,
There Hymen his altar ſhall raiſe;
The muſes ſweet ſongs ſhall endite,
And charm the whole grove with their lays.

O think, with ſuch pleaſures as theſe,
How time will glide ſwiftly away;
Each ſtriving the other to pleaſe,
Dull Winter ſhall ſmile at the May:
No happineſs either will taſte,
But what we both jointly approve;
Then hither, dear charmer, O haſte,
And bleſs a fond ſwain with your love.

SONG 263. A Bacchanalian Song.

Set by Mr. YATES.

BACCHUS, Jove's delightful boy,
Gen'rous god of wine and joy,
Still exhilarates my ſoul
With the raptures of the bowl.

Then with feather'd feet I bound,
Dancing in a feſtive round;
Then I feel in ſparkling wine,
Tranſports delicate, divine.

Then the ſprightly muſic warms,
Song delights, and beauty charms:
Debonaire, and light, and gay,
Thus I dance the hours away.

SONG

SONG 264. *The* TIMOROUS FAIR.

Set by Mr. YATES.

THRO' yonder glade, and verdant lawn,
See, Chloe, see the trembling fawn
Her absent mother seek
With panting heart, and quiv'ring knees,
If but a zephyr fan the trees,
Or lizard stir the brake.

So you, my Chloe, tim'rous fair,
If Strephon's voice you chance to hear,
With coy confusion fly:
Suspicious of some latent harms,
Seek shelter in your mamma's arms,
As if some danger's nigh.

No tyger I, thy limbs to tear:
Then, gentle trembler, cease thy fear,
And mamma's bosom quit;
Ripe for a lover's fond embrace,
In Strephon's arms you'll find a place
For Chloe much more fit.

SONG 265.

LOVELY reas'ner, when I spy,
In thy more than speaking eye,
Melting glances, which inspire
Soft delight and fond desire;
Can I think you e'er suppose
That within no ardour glows;
But that foe to love profest,
Friendship only fills thy breast?

When the blazing god of day
Warms all nature with his ray,

Could

Could you think, my fair, if told,
That the god himſelf is cold?
Leave then to romantic fools
Stupid, dull, Platonic rules;
Vain is art, and vain diſguiſe,
While you wear ſuch tell-tale eyes.

SONG 266.

Set by Mr. S. HOWARD.

I Like the man, whoſe ſoaring ſoul
Is gen'rous and refin'd,
Whoſe paſſions act beneath controul,
With love and honour join'd.
The oak, by woodbines on the plain
Encompaſs'd and careſs'd,
Is not more ſtedfaſt in its reign,
Nor is more ſweetly dreſs'd.

The frothy ſons of vice and ſhow,
Like ſhadows, and like noiſe,
Have nothing in themſelves, we know,
That ſober ſenſe enjoys;
But pure and conſtant love endears,
And feaſts both ear and ſight,
While ev'ry thing that virtue fears,
Can give no true delight.

SONG 267.

Sung in the New Muſical Comedy of the SUMMER'S TALE.

Set by Mr. STANLEY.

WHEN love at firſt approach is ſeen,
His dang'rous form he veils,
A playful infant's harmleſs mein
The fatal god conceals:

When

When ſoon by us fond dupes careſt,
He acts his trait'rous part;
And as we preſs him to the breaſt,
He ſteals into the heart.

SONG 268.

HAIL, Windſor, crown'd with lofty tow'rs,
Where nature wantons at her will,
Decks ev'ry vale with fruits and flow'rs,
With waving trees adorns each hill:
Like MARS with VENUS in his arms;
Like his thy ſtrength, like hers thy charms.
Like his, &c.

When o'er thy plains I ſtretch mine eyes,
Pleas'd with thy proſpects unconfin'd,
A thouſand ſcenes before me riſe,
A thouſand beauties charm my mind:
Tho' different each, yet each agrees,
Nor this, nor that, but all things pleaſe.

Thus Strephon views his lovely fair,
From charm to charm in raptures toſt,
Yet not her face, nor ſhape, nor air,
Nor yet her eyes tranſport him moſt;
But 'tis the heavenly-finiſh'd whole,
With matchleſs grace delights his ſoul.

SONG 269.

HAIL, Greenwich, crown'd with ſweet delight,
Throughout thy parks diſplay'd;
There nature's laviſh charms invite
Each youth and blooming maid,
To taſte the joys of rural ſhade,
Where nought but love and mirth invade,
Where nought, &c.

Thy

Thy ranging groves of lofty trees,
With ſpreading ſhades repel
The heat of Pœbus' ſultry rays;
There feather'd ſongſters dwell,
In pleaſing emblems of true love,
Melodious warbling thro' the grove.

Each riſing hill new proſpects yields,
And captivates the mind;
The grazing flocks, the pleaſant fields,
Yield raptures unconfin'd.
Fair Flora paints the verdant ſcene,
And decks with fragrant ſweets the green.

The ſilver Thames glides gently by,
With peace and plenty crown'd;
Its glitt'ring ſurface chears the eye,
Green oziers mantling round,
With wanton wavings as it goes,
In various forms new beauties ſhews.

From hill to dale, from dale to grove,
Thy ſplendors ſhine around,
That viewing each we fully prove
Tranſporting joys abound;
Whilſt extacy inſpires the ſoul,
And praiſing one, we praiſe the whole.

SONG 270.

HAPPY hours all hours excelling,
When retir'd from crouds and noiſe,
Happy is that ſilent dwelling,
Fill'd with ſelf-poſſeſſing joys.

Happy's that contented creature,
Who with feweſt things is pleas'd,
And conſults the voice of nature,
When of roving fancies eas'd.

Every

Every paſſion wiſely moving,
  Juſt as reaſon turns the ſcale;
Every ſtate of life improving,
  That no anxious thoughts prevail.

Happy man who thus poſſeſſes
  Life with ſome companion dear!
Joy imparted ſtill increaſes,
  Griefs when told ſoon diſappear.

SONG 271.

HE comes, he comes, the hero's come!
  Sound, ſound the trumpet, beat, beat the drum:
From port to port, let cannons roar,
He's welcome to the Britiſh ſhore.

Prepare, prepare, your ſongs prepare;
Loud, loudly rend the echoing air:
From pole to pole your joys reſound,
For virtue's his, with glory crown'd.

SONG 272.

Set by Mr. BATTISHILL.

FAREWELL, Ianthe, faithleſs maid,
  Source of my grief and pain;
Who with fond hopes my heart betray'd,
  And fann'd love's kindling flame;
Yet gave from me thy hand, this morn,
  To Coridon's rich heir,
Who with gay veſtments did adorn
  Thee, falſe, yet beauteous fair.

Adieu, my native ſoil; ye vales,
  High woods, and tufted hills:
Adieu, ye groves and flow'ry dales,
  Clear ſtreams and cryſtal rills:

Adieu,

Adieu; ye bring into my mind
Thoſe paſt, thoſe happy days,
When Iphis found Ianthe kind,
And pleaſure ſtrew'd his way.

Ere dawn my homely ſteps I'll bend,
Where diſtant mountains riſe,
In hopes that reaſon there may ſend
That aid ſhe here denies.
That time and abſence may efface
Her image from my breaſt,
Which, while ſhe there maintains a place,
Can never taſte of reſt.

SONG 273. RETIREMENT.

Set by Mr. BATTISHILL.

FAREWELL the ſmoaky town, adieu
Each rude and ſenſual joy;
Gay, fleeting pleaſures, all untrue,
That in poſſeſſion cloy.

Far from the garniſh'd ſcene I'll fly,
Where folly keeps her court,
To wholeſome, ſound philoſophy,
And harmleſs rural ſport.

How happy is the humble cell,
How bleſt the deep retreat,
Where ſorrow's billows never ſwell,
Nor paſſion's tempeſts beat!

But ſafely thro' the ſea of life,
Calm reaſon wafts us o'er,
Free from ambition, noiſe, and ſtrife,
To death's eternal ſhore.

SONG 274.

Set by Mr. WORGAN. *Sung at* VAUXHALL.

ALL attendants apart,
I examin'd my heart,
Laſt night when I laid me to reſt;
And, methinks, I'm inclin'd
To a change of my mind,
For you know ſecond thoughts are the beſt.

To retire from the croud,
And make ourſelves good,
By avoiding of ev'ry temptation,
Is in truth to reveal,
What we'd better conceal,
That our paſſions want ſome regulation.

It will much more redound
To our praiſe, to be found,
In a world ſo abounding with evil,
Unſpotted and pure,
Tho' not ſo demure,
To wage open war with the devil.
In bidding farewel
To the nymphs of the cell,
I'll prepare for a militant life;
And, if brought to diſtreſs,
Why then I'll confeſs,
And do penance in ſhape of a wife.

SONG 275. *Sung by Mr.* LOWE.

FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious deſign
To 'ſcape from her charms, and to drown 'em in wine;

I try'd

I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,
The wine in my head, and ſtill love in my heart.

I repair'd to my Reaſon, intreated her aid,
Who paus'd on my caſe, and each circumſtance weigh'd;
Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my prayer,
That Hebe was faireſt of all that was fair.

That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be taught;
I came for your counſel, to find out a fault:
If that's all, quoth Reaſon, return as you came,
To find fault with Hebe, would forfeit my name.

What hopes then, alas! of relief from my pain,
While, like light'ning, ſhe darts thro' each throbbing vein?
My ſenſes ſurpriz'd, in her favour took arms,
And Reaſon confirms me a ſlave to her charms.

SONG 276.

Set by Mr. MICHAEL ARNE.

And ſung at RANELAGH.

YOUNG Molly, who lives at the foot of the hill,
And whoſe fame ev'ry virgin with envy does fill,
Of beauty is bleſs'd with ſo ample a ſhare,
That men call her the laſs with the delicate air.

One ev'ning, laſt May, when I travers'd the grove
In thoughtleſs retirement, not dreaming of love,
I chanc'd to eſpy the gay nymph, I declare;
And really ſhe'd got a moſt delicate air.

By a murmuring brook, by a green moſſy bed,
A chaplet compoſing, the fair one was laid:

Surpriz'd and tranſported, I could not forbear,
With raptures to gaze on her delicate air.

That moment young Cupid ſelected a dart,
And pierc'd without pity, my innocent heart:
And from thence, how to win the dear maid, was my care;
For a captive I fell to her delicate air.

When ſhe ſaw me ſhe bluſh'd, and complain'd I was rude,
And begg'd of all things that I would not intrude:
I anſwer'd, I could not tell how I came there.
But laid all the blame on her delicate air;

Said her heart was the prize which I ſought to obtain,
And hop'd ſhe wou'd grant it to eaſe my fond pain.
She neither rejected, nor granted my pray'r,
But fir'd all my ſoul with her delicate air.

A thouſand times ſince, I've repeated my ſuit:
But ſtill the tormentor affects to be mute:
Then tell me, ye ſwains, who have conquer'd the fair,
How to win the dear laſs with the delicate air.

SONG 277. *Sung at* VAUXHALL.

Set by Mr. SAMUEL HOWARD.

LET the nymph ſtill avoid, and be deaf to the ſwain,
Who in tranſports of paſſion affects to complain;
For his rage, not his love, in his frenzy is ſhown;
And the blaſt that blows loudeſt is ſoon over-blown.

But the ſhepherd, whom Cupid hath pierc'd to the heart,
Will ſubmiſſive adore, and rejoice in the ſmart;
Or, in plaintive ſoft murmurs, his boſom-felt woe,
Like the ſmooth gliding current of rivers, will flow.

Tho'

Tho' ſilent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,
And his heart own your ſway in a tribute of ſighs:
But when he accoſts you, in meadow or grove,
His tale is ſo tender, he cooes like the dove.

SONG 278.

In Love in a VILLAGE.

THE traveller benighted,
And led through dreary ways,
The lamp of day new lighted,
With joy the dawn ſurveys:

The riſing proſpect viewing,
Each look is forward caſt;
He ſmiles, his courſe purſuing,
Nor thinks of what is paſt.

SONG 279.

In the MAID *of the* MILL.

THEN hey for a frolickſome life:
I'll ramble where pleaſures are rife,
Strike up with the free-hearted laſſes,
And never think more of a wife,
Plague on it, men are but aſſes,
To run after noiſe and ſtrife.

Had we been together buckled,
'Twould have prov'd a fine affair;
Dogs would have bark'd at the cuckold,
And boys pointing cry'd—look there.

SONG 280. *Sung at* VAUXHALL.

NO ſhepherd was like Strephon gay,
No ſwain to me ſo dear;
'Twas rapture all the live-long day
His ſong, his pipe, to hear:
His ſong, his pipe to hear:
Yet when he ſigh'd, and talk'd of love,
His paſſion I'd forbid;
For what I felt to hide I ſtrove;
Upon my word I did,
Upon my word I did.

The ſpring, when nature wakes to youth,
And looks all life and joy,
The ſummer's ſun, ſaw Strephon's truth,
Saw Chloe ſtill was coy,
Saw, Chloe, &c.
At length he vow'd, thou cruel fair,
Diſdain my heart has freed:
He ſpoke, and left me in deſpair;
Upon my word he did,
Upon, &c.

How ſad, how penitent was I!
My pride has caus'd my pain:
From morn to eve I us'd to ſigh,
Oh! Strephon, come again,
Oh! Strephon, &c.
It chanc'd, he ſought a tender lamb,
That in the grove lay hid;
When, thoughtleſs, there I breath'd his name;
Upon my word I did,
Upon, &c.

Surpriz'd, my well-known voice to hear,
In ſounds of ſoft delight,

With

With eager ſteps the youth drew near,
And met my raptur'd ſight,
And met, &c.
No pow'r had I, all art was vain,
Of Strephon to get rid,
My panting heart confeſs'd the ſwain;
Upon my word it did,
Upon, &c.

O nymph, he cry'd, whoſe eyes to meet,
My ſoul with joy o'erflows!
The bee, that roves from ſweet to ſweet,
Like me, prefers the roſe,
Like me, &c.
Ye maids, with whom I've tripp'd the green,
Let other youths ſucceed;
My Chloe welcom'd me again;
Upon my word ſhe did,
Upon, &c.

While bluſhes crimſon'd o'er my cheek,
My hand with warmth he preſt;
Oh! ſpeak, he ſigh'd, my Chloe, ſpeak,
Shall Strephon now be bleſt?
Ah! who that lov'd ſo well, ſo long,
The ſhepherd could have chid?
Perhaps you think I held my tongue;
Upon my word I did,
Upon my word I did.

SONG 281.

IN purſuit of ſome lambs from my flocks that had ſtray'd,
One morning I rang'd o'er the plain;
But, alas! after all my reſearches were made,
I perceiv'd that my labour was vain.

At length growing hopeleſs my lambs to reſtore,
I reſolv'd to return back again;
It was uſeleſs, I thought, to ſeek after them more,
Since I found that my labour was vain.

On this my return, pretty Phœbe I ſaw,
And to love her I could not refrain;
To ſollicit a kiſs, I approach'd her with awe,
But ſhe told me my labour was vain.

But, Phœbe, I cry'd, to my ſuit lend an ear,
And let me no longer complain:
She reply'd, with a frown, and an aſpect ſevere,
Young Colin, your labour's in vain.

Then I eagerly claſp'd her quite cloſe to my breaſt,
And kiſs'd her, and kiſs'd her again;
O Colin, ſhe cry'd, if you're rude I proteſt
That your labour ſhall ſtill be in vain.

At length, by intreaties, by kiſſes and vows,
Compaſſion ſhe took on my pain;
She now has conſented to make me her ſpouſe,
So no longer I labour in vain.

SONG 282. *Sung at* RANELAGH.

BY my ſighs you may diſcover
What ſoft wiſhes touch my heart;
Eyes can ſpeak, and tell the lover
What the tongue muſt not impart.

Bluſhing ſhame forbids revealing
Thoughts your breaſt may diſapprove:
But 'tis hard, and paſt concealing,
When we truly, fondly love.

SONG

SONG 283. *Sung at* VAUXHALL.

TOO long a giddy wand'ring youth,
From fair to fair, I rov'd;
To ev'ry nymph I vow'd my truth,
Tho' all alike I lov'd:
Yet, when the joy I wiſh'd was paſt,
My truth appear'd a jeſt:
But, truſt me, I'm convinc'd at laſt
That conſtancy is beſt,
That conſtancy is beſt.

Like other fools, at female wiles
'Twas my delight to rail;
Their ſighs, their vows, their tears, their ſmiles,
Were falſe, I thought, and frail;
But, by reflection's bright'ning pow'r,
I ſee their worth confeſt:
That man cannot enough adore,
That conſtancy is beſt,
That conſtancy is beſt.

The roving heart at beauty's ſight
May glow with fond deſire;
Yet, tho' poſſeſſion yield delight,
It damps the lawleſs fire:
But love's celeſtial faithful flames
Still catch from breaſt to breaſt;
While ev'ry home felt joy proclaims
That conſtancy is beſt.
That conſtancy, &c.

No ſolid bliſs from change reſults,
No real raptures flow;
But fix'd to one, the ſoul exults,
And taſtes of heav'n below.

With

With love, on ev'ry gen'rous mind,
Is truth's fair form impreſt:
And reaſon dictates to mankind,
That conſtancy is beſt,
That conſtancy is beſt.

SONG 284.

Sung at VAUXHALL-GARDENS.

LET the tempeſt of war
Be heard from afar,
With trumpets' and cannons' alarm:
Let the brave, if they will,
By their valour or ſkill,
Seek honour and conqueſt in arms.

To live ſafe, and retire,
Is what I deſire,
Of my flocks and my Chloe poſſeſt;
For in them I obtain
True peace without pain,
And the laſting enjoyment of reſt;

In ſome cottage or cell,
Like a ſhepherd to dwell,
From all interruption at eaſe;
In a peaceable life,
To be bleſt with a wife,
Who will ſtudy her huſband to pleaſe.

SONG 285.

HOW pleaſant a ſailor's life paſſes,
Who roams o'er the watery main!
No treaſure he ever amaſſes,
But chearfully ſpends all his gain.

We're

We're ſtrangers to party and faction,
To honour and honeſty true,
And wou'd not commit a baſe action,
For power and profit in view.

CHORUS.

Then why ſhould we quarrel for riches,
Or any ſuch glittering toys?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Goes thorough the world, brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the bleſſings of life,
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often breeds ſtrife.
When terrible tempeſts aſſail us,
And mountainous billows affright,
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But ſkilful induſtry ſteers right.

CHORUS.

Then why ſhould, &c.

The courtier's more ſubject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the ſtate,
Than we, who to politics ſtrangers,
Eſcape the ſnares laid for the great:
The various bleſſings of nature,
In various nations we try;
No mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.

CHORUS.

Then why ſhould, &c.

SONG

SONG 286.

LOVLY nymph, aſſwage my anguiſh;
At your feet a tender ſwain
Prays you will not let him languiſh;
One kind look would eaſe his pain.

Did you know the lad who courts you,
He not long need ſue in vain;
Prince of ſong, of dance and ſports—you
Scarce will meet the like again.

SONG 287.

WITH early horn ſalute the morn,
That gilds this charming place;
With chearful cries bid echo riſe,
And join the jovial chace.
The vocal hills around,
The waving woods,
The cryſtal floods,
All, all return th' enliv'ning ſound.

SONG 288.

AWAY to the field, ſee the morning looks grey,
And, ſweetly bedappled, forebodes a fine day;
The hounds are all eager the ſport to embrace,
And carol aloud to be led to the chace.

Then hark, in the morn, to the call of the horn,
And join with the jovial crew,
While the ſeaſon invites, with all its delights,
The health-giving chace to purſue.

How charming the ſight when Aurora firſt dawns,
To ſee the bright beagles ſpread over the lawns;

To

To welcome the ſun, now returning from reſt;
Their mattins they chant as they merrily queſt.
Then hark, &c.

But oh! how each boſom with tranſport it fills,
To ſtart juſt as Phœbus peeps over the hills;
While joyous, from valley to valley reſounds
The ſhout of the hunters and cry of the hounds.
Then hark, &c.

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate,
Fly hedges or ditches, or top the barr'd gate;
Borne by their bold courſers no dangers they fear,
And give to the winds all vexation and care.
Then hark, &c.
Ye cits, for the chaſe quit the joys of the town,
And ſcorn the dull pleaſure of ſleeping in down;
Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,
Ours ſtill is repaid with contentment and health.
Then hark, &c.

SONG 289.

DO you hear, brother ſportſman, the ſound of the horn,
And yet the ſweet pleaſure decline;
For ſhame, rouſe your ſenſes, and, ere it is morn,
With me the ſweet melody join:

Thro' the wood and the valley the traitor we'll rally,
Nor quit him till panting he lies;
While hounds, in full cry, thro' hedges ſhall fly,
And chace the ſwift hare till ſhe dies.

Then ſaddle your ſteed, to the meadows and fields
Both willing and joyous repair;
No paſtime in life greater happineſs yields;
Than chaſing the fox or the hare.

For ſuch comforts, my friend, on the ſportſman attend,
No pleaſure like hunting is found,
For when it is o'er, as briſk as before,
Next morning we ſpurn up the ground.

SONG 290.

Sung by Mrs. CIBBER, *in the* WINTER'S TALE.

COME, come, my good ſhepherds, our flocks we muſt ſhear;
In your holiday ſuits with your laſſes appear:
The happieſt of folks are the guiltleſs and free;
And who are ſo guiltleſs, ſo, happy as we?

We harbour no paſſions by luxury taught;
We practiſe no arts with hypocriſy fraught:
What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes,
For, knowing no falſhood, we need no diſguiſe.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led;
But we all the children of nature are bred:
By her hands alone we are painted and dreſt,
For the roſes will bloom when there's peace in the breaſt.

The giant, ambition, we never can dread;
Our roofs are too low for ſo lofty a head;
Content and ſweet chearfulneſs open your door;
They ſmile with the ſimple, and feed with the poor.

When love has poſſeſs'd us, that love we reveal;
Like the flocks that we feed are the paſſions we feel;
So harmleſs and ſimple we ſport and we play,
And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

SONG

SONG 291.

NOW the happy knot is ty'd,
Betſy is my charming bride,
Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
Revel all without controul.
Who ſo fair as lovely Bet!
Who ſo bleſs'd as Colinet!
Who ſo fair as lovely Bet!
Who ſo bleſs'd as Colinet!

Now adieu to maiden arts,
Angling for unguarded hearts;
Welcome Hymen's laſting joys,
Liſping wanton girls and boys,
Girls as fair as lovely Bet,
Boys as ſweet as Colinet.

Tho' ripe ſheaves of yellow corn,
Now my plenteous barn adorn;
Tho' I've deck'd my myrtle bow'rs
With the faireſt, ſweeteſt flow'rs;
Riper, fairer, ſweeter yet,
Are the charms of lovely Bet.

Tho' on Sundays I was ſeen
Dreſs'd like any May-day queen;
Tho' ſix ſweethearts daily ſtrove
To deſerve thy Betty's love,
Them I quit without regret,
All my joy's in Colinet.

Strike up then the ruſtic lay,
Crown with ſports our bridal day;
May each lad a miſtreſs find,
Like my Betſy, fair and kind;

And each laſs a huſband get,
Fond and true as Colinet.

Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
Revel all without controul;
May the ſun ne'er riſe or ſet,
But with joy to happy Bet,
And her faithful Colinet.

SONG 292. *In the* DEVIL *to* PAY.

COME, jolly Bacchus, God of wine,
Crown this night with pleaſure;
Let none at cares of life repine,
To deſtroy our pleaſure:
Fill up the mighty ſparkling bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal ſoul
May drink and ſing, without controul,
To ſupport our pleaſure.
Thus, mighty Bacchus, ſhalt thou be
Guardian to our pleaſure.
That under thy protection we
May enjoy new pleaſure;
And as the hours glide away,
We'll in thy name invoke their ſtay,
And ſing thy praiſes, that we may
Live and die with pleaſure.

SONG 293. *In the* DEVIL *to* PAY.

YE Gods, ye gave to me a wife,
Out of your grace and favour,
To be the comfort of my life,
And I was glad to have her:

But if your providence divine
For greater bliſs deſign her;
To obey your will at any time,
I'm ready to reſign her.

SONG

SONG 294.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT. *New ſet by Dr.* ARNE.

DEſpairing beſide a clear ſtream,
A ſhepherd forſaken was laid,
And whilſt a falſe nymph was his theme,
A willow ſupported his head:
The wind that blew over the plain
To his ſigh with a ſigh did reply,
And the brook in return to his pain
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! ſilly ſwain that I was,
Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd,
When firſt I beheld her fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talk'd, and I bleſs'd her dear tongue,
When ſhe ſmil'd, 'twas a pleaſure too great;
I liſten'd, and cry'd, when ſhe ſung,
Was nightingale ever ſo ſweet!

How fooliſh was I to believe,
She could doat on ſo lowly a clown!
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To leave the fine folks and the town:
To think that a beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove,
To go clad like our maidens in grey,
And live in a cottage on love.

What tho' I have ſkill to complain,
Tho' the Muſes my temples have crown'd;
What tho' when they hear my ſoft ſtrain,
The virgins ſit weeping around:
Ah Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel reſign;
Thy fair one inclines to a ſwain,
Whoſe muſic is ſweeter than thine

And you, my companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe maid:
If thro' the wide world I ſhould range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas her's to be fickle and change,
'Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

If while my hard fate I ſuſtain
In her breaſt any pity be found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And ſee me laid low in the ground:
The laſt humble boon that I crave,
Is to ſhade me with cypreſs and yew;
And when ſhe looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her ſhepherd was true:

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be fineſt at every new ſhew,
And frolic it all the long day;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be heard of or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale moon,
His ghoſt ſhall glide over the green.

SONG 295.

A CANTATA, *Set by Dr.* ARNE.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

RECITATIVE.

A Wretch long tortur'd with diſdain,
That ever pin'd, but pin'd in vain,
At length the god of wine addreſt,
Sure refuge of a wounded breaſt,

AIR

AIR.

Vouchſafe, O pow'r, thy healing aid,
Teach me to gain the cruel maid:
Thy juices take the lover's part,
Fluſh his wan looks, and chear his heart.

RECITATIVE.

To Bacchus thus the lover cry'd,
And thus the jolly god reply'd:

AIR.

Give whining o'er, be briſk and gay,
And quaff this ſneaking form away:
With dauntleſs mein approach the fair;
The way to conquer is—to dare.

RECITATIVE.

The ſwain purſu'd the god's advice;
The nymph was now no longer nice.

AIR.

She ſmil'd, and ſpoke the ſex's mind;
When you grow daring, we grow kind:
Men to themſelves are moſt ſevere,
And make us tyrants by their fear.

SONG 296.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

WHAT means that tender ſigh, my dear?
Why ſilent drops that cryſtal tear?
What jealous fears diſturb thy breaſt,
Where love and peace delight to reſt?

What tho' thy Jockey has been ſeen
With Molly ſporting on the green,
'Twas but an artful trick to prove
The matchleſs force of Jenny's love.

'Tis true, a noſegay I had dreſt
To grace the witty Daphne's breaſt;
But 'twas at her deſire to try
If Damon caſt a jealous eye:
Theſe flower's will fade by morning dawn:
Neglected, ſcatter'd o'er the lawn;
But in thy fragrant boſom lies
A ſweet perfume that never dies.

SONG 297. *Set by Mr.* BAILDON,
And ſung at RANELAGH.

ON Pleaſure's ſmooth wings, how old Time ſteals away,
And Love's fatal flame leads the ſhepherd aſtray!
My days, O ye ſwains! were a round of delight,
From the cool of the morn to the ſtillneſs of night:
No care found a place in my cottage, or breaſt;
But health and content all the year was my gueſt.

'Twas then no fair *Phillis* my heart cou'd enſnare
With voice or with feature, with dreſs or with air:
So kindly young Cupid had pointed the dart,
That I gather'd the ſweets, but I miſs'd of the ſmart:
I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like a bee;
But ſtill all my ſong was, "I'll ever be free."

'Twas then ev'ry object freſh raptures did yield:
If I ſtray'd thro' the garden, or travers'd the field,
Ten thouſand gay ſcenes were diſplay'd to my ſight:
If the nightingale ſung, I could liſten all night;

With

With my reed I could pipe to the tune of the ſtream,
And wake to new life from a rapturous dream.

But now, ſince for Hebe in ſecret I ſigh,
Alas! what a change! and how wretched am I!
Adieu to the charms of the valley and glade;
Their ſweets now all ſicken, their colours all fade;
No muſick I find in ſoft Philomel's ſtrain,
And the brook o'er the pebbles now murmurs in vain.
They ſay that ſhe's kind, but no kindneſs I ſee;
On others ſhe ſmiles, but ſhe frowns upon me:
Then teach me, bright Venus, perſuaſion's ſoft art,
Or aid me, by reaſon, to ranſom my heart;
To crown my deſire, or to baniſh my pain,
Give love to the nymph, or give eaſe to the ſwain.

SONG 298.

A Paſtoral Dialogue. Sung at VAUXHALL.

He. HASTE, haſte, Phillis, haſte, 'tis the firſt of the May!
Hark, the goldfinches ſing, to the wood let's away;
We'll pluck the pale primroſe; nay, ſtart not, my dear,
I've ſomething to whiſper alone in your ear,
I've ſomething to whiſper alone in your ear.

She. Excuſe me, fond ſwain, it has often been ſaid,
The wood is unſafe for a maiden to tread;
And a wither'd old gypſy, one day I eſpy'd,
Bid me ſhun the thick wood, and ſaid ſomething beſide,
Bid me ſhun, &c.

He.

He. 'Tis all a mere fable; there's nothing to fright;
There's muſic all day, and no ſpectres at night:
No creature but Cupid, believe me, is there,
And Cupid's an urchin you ſurely can't fear,
And Cupid's, &c.

She. For all I could ſay, when arriv'd at the wood,
Who knows your deſign? you may dare to be rude:
So I bid you farewell, and confeſs I'm afraid,
Leſt Cupid and you be too hard for a maid,
Leſt Cupid, &c.

He. His dictates you wiſely at once ſhould approve,
For pray what is life? it is pain without love.
Think how youth, like the roſe, tho' ungather'd, will fade;
Then quickly comply, leſt you die an old maid,
Then quickly, &c.

She. By language as artful young Daphne was won;
Thus courted, ſhe yielded, was trick'd, and undone;
And, rather than truſt the fine things you have ſaid,
Let my beauty decay, and I'll die an old maid,
Let my beauty, &c.

He. Believe not I'm faithleſs and falſe as the wind;
I'll be true as the turtle, as fond, and as kind,
Will lead you to pleaſure untaſted before,
And make you a bride; can a mortal do more?
And make you, &c.

She. Then at once I'll comply, for I cannot ſay no;
To-morrow to church with my ſhepherd I'll go;
To the wood next, tho' Cupid ſo talk'd of be there,
With joy I'll away, and adieu to all fear,
With joy, &c.

Both.

Both. Ye nymphs, to the woods never venture to go;
Till the prieſt join your hands, you muſt anſwer no, no:
Ye ſwains, ſhould your fair-ones be deaf to you ſtill,
You muſt wear the ſoft chain; then they'll go where you will,
You muſt, &c.

SONG 299.

RECITATIVE.

SEE from the ſilent grove Alexis flies,
And ſeeks with ev'ry pleaſing art
To eaſe the pain which lovely eyes
Created in his heart:
To ſhining theatres he now repairs,
To learn Camilla's moving airs,
Where thus to muſic's pow'r the ſwain addreſs'd his pray'rs.

AIR.

Charming ſounds, that ſweetly languiſh;
Muſic, oh, compoſe my anguiſh!
Ev'ry paſſion yields to thee,
Every paſſion, &c.
Phœbus, quickly then relieve me,
Cupid ſhall no more deceive me;
I'll to ſprightlier joys be free.
I'll to ſprightlier joys be free.

RECITATIVE.

Apollo heard the fooliſh ſwain;
He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd,
How weak, t'aſſuage an am'rous pain,
His own harmonious voice had prov'd,
And all his healing herbs how vain:

Then

Then thus he ſtrikes the ſpeaking ſtrings,
Preluding to his voice, and ſings.

AIR.

Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee;
Do not, ſhepherd, then deceive thee;
Muſic is the voice of Love,
Muſic is the voice of love:
If the tender maid believe thee;
Soft relenting, kind conſenting,
Will alone thy pain remove,
Will alone thy pain remove.

SONG 300.

Sung in the CHAPLET.

DECLARE, my pretty maid,
Muſt my fond ſuit miſcarry?
With you I'll toy, I'll kiſs and play;
But hang me if I marry, hang me if I marry:
With you I'll toy, I'll kiſs and play;
But hang me if I marry.

Then ſpeak your mind at once,
Nor let me longer tarry:
With you I'll toy, I'll kiſs and play;
But hang me if I marry:
With you, &c.

Tho' charms and wit aſſail,
The ſtroke I well can parry:
I love to kiſs, to toy and play;
But do not chooſe to marry:
I love, &c.

Young Molly of the Dale
Makes a mere ſlave of Harry;
Becauſe, when they had toy'd and kiſs'd,
The fooliſh ſwain would marry;
Becauſe, &c.

Theſe

Theſe fix'd reſolves, my dear,
I to the grave will carry;
With you I'll toy, and kiſs and play;
But hang me if I marry,—hang me if I marry:
With you I'll toy, and kiſs and play;
But hang me if I marry.

SONG 301.

THE women all tell me I'm falſe to my laſs,
That I quit my poor Chloe, and ſtick to my glaſs;
But to you, men of reaſon, my reaſons I'll own;
And, if you don't like them, why—let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare:
I believe ſhe was good, and I'm ſure ſhe was fair:
But goodneſs and charms in a bumper I ſee,
That make it as good and as charming as ſhe.

My Chloe had dimples and ſmiles, I muſt own;
But, tho' ſhe could ſmile, yet in truth ſhe could frown:
But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er ſee a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lilies and roſes were juſt in their prime;
Yet lilies and roſes are conquer'd by Time:
But in wine, from its age, ſuch a benefit flows,
That we like it the better, the older it grows.

They tell me, my love would in time have been cloy'd,
And that beauty's inſipid when once 'tis enjoy'd:
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy;
For the longer I drink the more thirſty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and hiſtory prove
The miſchiefs that wait upon rivals in love:

But in drinking, thank heav'n, no rival contends;
For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poiſon'd the joy of my life
With nurſes, and babies, and ſqualling and ſtriſe:
But my wine neither nurſes nor babies can bring;
And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

We ſhorten our days when with love we engage;
It brings on diſeaſes, and haſtens old age:
But wine from grim death can its votaries ſave,
And keep out t'other leg, when there's one in the grave.

Perhaps, like her ſex, ever falſe to their word,
She has left me, to get an eſtate, or a lord:
But my bumper (regarding not title or pelf)
Will ſtand by me when I can't ſtand by myſelf.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain;
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain:
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I ſpy:
Should you doubt what I ſay, take a bumper and try.

SONG 302.

Set by Mr. HOWARD.

AT ſetting day and riſing morn,
With ſoul that ſtill ſhall love thee,
I'll aſk of heav'n thy ſafe return,
With all that can improve thee:
I'll viſit oft the birken buſh,
Where firſt you kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my bluſh,
Whilſt round thou didſt infold me.

To

To all our haunts thou didſt repair,
By green-wood, ſhaw or fountain;
Or where the ſummer's day I'd ſhare
With you upon yon mountain:
There will I tell the trees and fowls,
With thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, my love is yours,
My heart, which cannot wander.

SONG 303. *Sung by Mrs.* CLIVE.

HOW brim-full of nothing's the life of a beau!
They've nothing to think of, they've nothing to do;
And nothing to talk of, for nothing they know:
Such, ſuch, is the life of a beau,
Such, ſuch is the life of a beau.

For nothing they riſe, but to draw the freſh air;
Spend the morning in nothing, but curling their hair;
And do nothing all day, but ſing, ſaunter and ſtare:
Such, ſuch, is the life of a beau,
Such, ſuch, is the life of a beau.

For nothing, at night, to the play-houſe they croud;
To mind nothing done there, they always are proud;
But to bow, and to grin, and talk nothing aloud:
Such, ſuch, is the life of a beau,
Such, ſuch, is the life of a beau.

For nothing they run to th' Aſſembly and ball;
And for nothing, at cards, a fair partner they call;
For they ſtill muſt be baſted, who've nothing at all:
Such, ſuch, is the life of a beau,
Such, ſuch, is the life of a beau.

For nothing, on Sundays, at church they appear;
They have nothing to hope for, and nothing to fear:
They can be nothing no where, who nothing are here.
Such, ſuch, is the life of a beau,
Such, ſuch, is the life of a beau.

SONG 304.

Sung in LOVE *in a* VILLAGE.

WELL, well, ſay no more.
So you told me before;
I know the full length of my tether.
Do you think I'm a fool,
That I need go to ſchool?
I can ſpell you, and put you together.
A word to the wiſe
Will always ſuffice:
Addſniggers! go talk to your parrot.
I'm not ſuch an elf,
Tho' I ſay't of myſelf,
But I know a ſheep's head from a carrot.

SONG 305.

Set by Dr. ARNE. *In* THOMAS *and* SALLY:

THAT May-day of life is for pleaſure.
For ſinging, for dancing, and ſhow;
Then why will you waſte ſuch a treaſure
In ſighing, and crying—hey-ho!

Let's copy the bird in the meadows;
By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low:
Fly round, and coquette it as ſhe does,
And never ſit crying – hey-ho!

Though

Though, when in the arms of a lover,
It ſometimes may happen, I know,
That, ere all our toying is over,
We cannot help crying—hey-ho!

In age ev'ry one a new part takes;
I find to my ſorrow 'tis ſo:
When old you may cry till your heart aches,
But no one will mind you—hey-ho!

SONG 306.

In the PADLOCK.

I Know the world, ſir, tho' I ſay't:
I'm cautious and wiſe,
And they who ſurprize
My prudence nodding,
Muſt ſit up late.

Never fear, ſir,
Your ſafety's here, ſir,
Yes, yes,
I'll anſwer for miſs:
Let me alone,
I warrant my care,
Shall weigh to a hair,
As much as your own.

SONG 307.

Sung by Mrs. CLIVE *in* AS YOU LIKE IT.

WHEN daiſies py'd, and vi'lets blue,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
And lady-ſmocks all ſilver white,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
Mocks marry'd men; for thus ſings he:

Cuckow! cuckow! oh! word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a marry'd ear,
Unpleaſing to a marry'd ear.

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks;
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks;
The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
Mocks marry'd men; for thus ſings he:
Cuckow! cuckow! oh! word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a marry'd ear,
Unpleaſing to a marry'd ear.

SONG 308. *In the* CAPTIVE.

FOR vengeance dire, thou wretch; prepare,
Nought ſhall my reſentment ſtay;
To a lion, to a bear,
My nature turns
While my boſom burns
To ſeize my deſtin'd prey,

Oh, object to my ſoul how ſweet;
To ſee you grov'ling at my feet,
While I no pity ſhew;
To ſpurn your tears,
To mock your fears,
And tread you to the ſhades below.

SONG 309.

Advice to MYRA. *By Mr.* EDMUNDS.

AH! Myra, lay by that tyrannical air,
Nor with frowns thus your beauties diſguiſe.

Nor

Nor injure a face ſo amazingly fair,
With a pair of ſuch mercileſs eyes.

When you hear of a paſſion you ne'er mean to cure
With wildneſs your lover reject,
Politeneſs, ſweet maid, will entitle him ſure,
To be treated with proper reſpect.

But if to torment, you thus make it your care,
If your face ſtill in frowns is array'd,
The men will all fly from ſo cruel a fair,
And Myra, alas! die a maid.

SONG 310.

Sung at RANELAGH.

TOM loves Mary paſſing well,
And Mary ſhe loves Harry;
But Harry ſighs for bonny Bell,
And finds his love miſcarry;
For bonny Bell for Thomas burns,
Whilſt Mary ſlights his paſſion:
So ſtrangely freakiſh are the turns
Of human inclination.

Moll gave Hal a wreath of flow'rs,
Which he in am'rous folly,
Conſign'd to Bell, and in few hours
It came again to Molly:
Thus all by turns are woo'd and woo,
No turtles can be truer;
Each loves the object they purſue,
But hates the kind purſuer.

As much as Mary Thomas grieves,
Proud Hal deſpiſes Mary;

And

And all the flouts which Bell receives
From Tom, ſhe vents on Harry:
If one of all the four has frown'd,
You ne'er ſaw people grummer;
If one has ſmil'd, it catches round,
And all are in good-humour.

Then, lovers, hence this leſſon learn,
Throughout the Britiſh nation;
How much 'tis ev'ry one's concern
To ſmile at reformation.
And ſtill, thro' life, this rule purſue,
Whatever objects ſtrike you,
Be kind to them that fancy you,
That thoſe you love may like you.

SONG 311.

Sung in THOMAS *and* SALLY.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

WHEN I was a young one, what girl was like me?
So wanton, ſo airy, and briſk as a bee;
I rattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where-e'er
A fiddle was heard, to be ſure I was there.
To all that came near I had ſomething to ſay;
'Twas, this, ſir---and that, ſir---but ſcarce ever nay;
On Sundays, dreſs'd out in my ſilks and my lace,
I warrant I ſtood by the beſt in the place.

At twenty I got me a huſband, poor man!
Well reſt him---We all are as good as we can;
Yet he was ſo peeviſh, he'd quarrel for ſtraws,
And jealous---tho' truly I gave him ſome cauſe.

He

He ſnub'd me, and huff'd me, but let me alone;
Egad! I've a tongue, and I paid him his own:
Ye wives, take the hint, and when ſpouſe is untow'rd,
Stand firm to your charter, and have the laſt word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe;
I'm not what I was forty ſummers ago:
This time's a ſore foe; there's no ſhunning his dart;
However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be ſitting mum-chance;
I ſtill love a tune, though unable to dance:
And, books of devotion laid by on my ſhelf,
I teach that to others I once did myſelf.

SONG 312.

ALEXIS, a ſhepherd, young, conſtant and kind,
Has often declar'd I'm the nymph to his mind:
I think he's ſincere, and he will not deceive;
But they tell me a maid ſhould with caution believe.

He brought me this roſe that you ſee in my breaſt;
He begg'd me to take it, and ſigh'd out the reſt;
I cou'd not do leſs than the favour receive;
And he thinks it not ſweeter, I really believe.

This flow'ret, he cry'd, reads a leſſon to you;
How bright, and how lovely, it ſeems to the view!
'Twould fade if not pluck'd, as your ſenſe muſt conceive,
I was forc'd to deny what I really believe.

My flocks he attends: if they ſtray from the plain,
Alexis is ſure ev'ry ſheep to regain:

Then

Then begs, a dear kiſs for his labour I'll give;
And I ne'er ſhall refuſe him, I really believe.

He plays on his pipe while he watches my eyes,
To read the ſoft wiſhes we're taught to diſguiſe;
And tells me ſweet ſtories from morning to eve;
Then he ſwears that he loves, which I really believe.

An old maid I once was determin'd to die;
But that was before I'd this ſwain in my eye:
And as ſoon as he aſks me his pain to relieve,
With joy I ſhall wed him, I really believe.

SONG 313.

Sung in LOVE *in a* VILLAGE.

WHEN once love's ſubtle poiſon gains
A paſſage to the female breaſt:
Ruſhing, like light'ning, thro' the veins,
Each wiſh, and ev'ry thought's poſſeſt.
To heal the pangs our minds endure,
Reaſon in vain its ſkill applies;
Nought can afford the heart a cure,
But what is pleaſing to the eyes.

SONG 314.

The CONTENTED MILLER. *Sung at* RANELAGH.

IN a plain pleaſant cottage, conveniently near,
With a mill, and ſome meadows—(a freehold eſtate)
A well-meaning miller by labour ſupplies
Thoſe bleſſings that nature to grand-ones denies;
No paſſions to plague him, no cares to torment,
His conſtant companions are health and content:

Their

Their lordſhips, in lace, may take note, if they will,
For he's honeſt---tho' daub'd with the duſt of his mill.

Ere the larks early carol ſalutes the new day,
He ſprings from his cottage, as jocund as May;
He chearfully whiſtles, regardleſs of care,
Or ſings the laſt ballad he bought at the fair:
While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of ſtate,
Or bribing elections, in hopes to be great;
No fraud nor ambition, his boſom does fill,
Contented he works if there's griſt for his mill.

On Sunday, bedeck'd in his home-ſpun array,
At church he's the loudeſt to chant, or to pray;
Sits down to a dinner of plain Engliſh food;
And, tho' ſimple the pudding, his appetite's good:
At night, when the prieſt and exciſeman are gone,
He quaffs at the alehouſe with Roger and John;
Then returns to his pillow, and dreams of no ill,
No monarch's more bleſt than the man of the mill.

SONG 315. *In the* FAIRY TALE.

YOU ſpotted ſnakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not ſeen,
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near the Fairy Queen.
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in your ſweet lullaby.
Neither harm, nor ſpell, nor charm,
Come the fairy's, pillow nigh.
So good night with lullaby.

Weaving ſpiders, come not here;
Hence, ye long-legg'd ſpinners, hence;

Beetles

Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor ſnail, do no offence,
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in your ſweet, &c.

SONG 316.

LET ambition fire thy mind;
Thou waſt born o'er man to reign,
Not to follow flocks deſign'd:
Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet;
Thou on necks of kings ſhalt tread;
Joys incircling joys ſhall meet,
Which way e'er thy fancy's led.

Let not toils of empire fright;
Toils of empire pleaſures are:
Thou ſhalt only know delight,
All the joy, but not the care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize,
For the bleſſings I beſtow,
Joyful I'll aſcend the ſkies,
Happy thou ſhalt reign below.

WARDING
Bib. Bodl.

FINIS.